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BRITANNIA and Eve

OCTOBER 1955

VOL. 51 NO. 4

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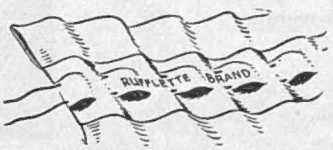

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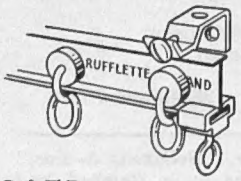

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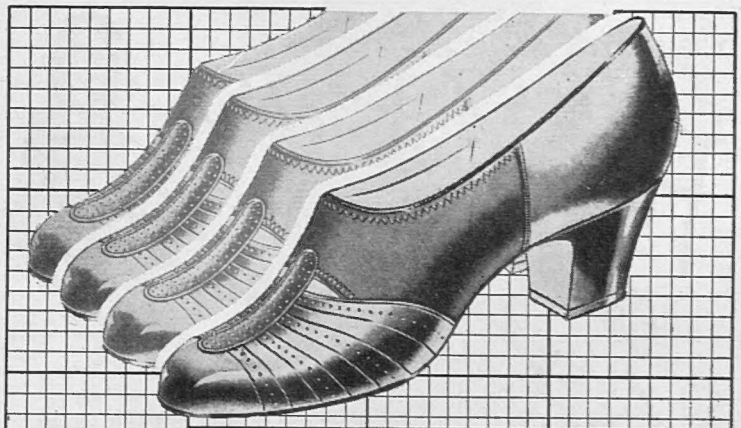

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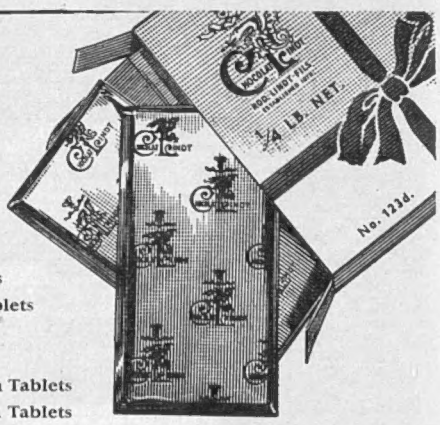

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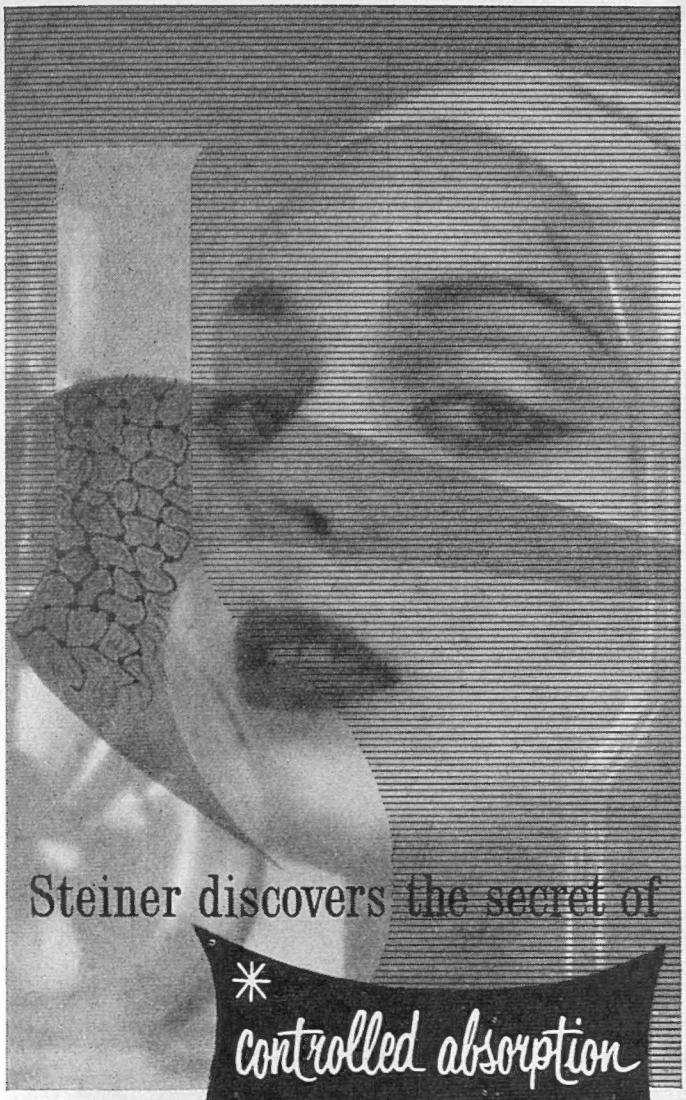

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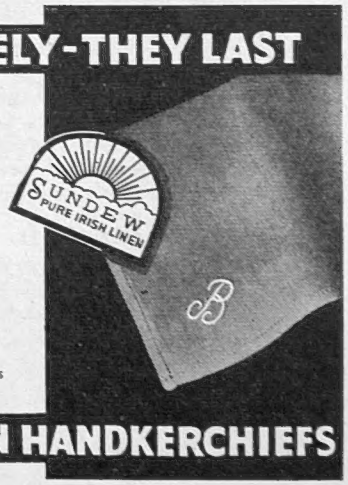

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Life is not black and white

but many-coloured

in its essence and demands

a corresponding

reaction from us all

By

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

ONCE, spending a few hours at a house where I 'd never been before, I was shown one of its greatest treasures—a set of chessmen carved from ebony and ivory. Now, you can see ivory and ebony chessmen often enough, but that particular set, carved by a great artist, looked exquisite, and the board, made of two shades of jade, enhanced the beauty. Having duly admired it, however, I was taken aback by its owner's remark:

" I always think it 's so symbolical. That 's what all life is like—either black or white. You see what I mean ? "

I did, but, since it is not usual to launch into sharp-bladed arguments with an acquaintance, I made no comment. Heaven forgive me, but I rather wished I might shake her by both shoulders and say to her:

" That 's the root of most of our troubles to-day. Life is never wholly black or wholly white . . ." It can never lend itself to the easy division between ebony and ivory.

Life is made up of a rich infusion of colours, and all our mutual relationships would be much more rewarding if we remembered to distinguish between the flesh and blood of the doer and the bare bones of the deed. Shakespeare summed up volumes and volumes when he told us that " There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

You may tell me that life is not a novel and that to-day life must be lived starkly and immediately. Of course it is not a novel and, equally, it must be lived in immediate terms—but " black is black " and " white is white " are not the right terms.

You know that when you 've lived in the country for some time, you begin to learn that there 's no such thing as a pitch-dark night. You learn to accustom your eyes to see shapes and surfaces in the night even if there is neither moon nor star to guide you.

Years ago, I used to be astounded at our gardener plunging into what I considered to be a Stygian dark in search of our most recalcitrant cat, and I would trail in his wake, an enormous torch firmly clasped in my hand, and even so I usually succeeded in tumbling into the first rabbit-hole and, needless to say, I never found the cat. But—at the price of countless tumbles, I have learnt something since those days. The night may be very deep but never does it wipe out everything. Shapes nearest to you remain, and the accustomed eye can discern them, no star guiding it.

And there are laws in nature which have a way of being echoed in our daily lives. These laws make for a certain widening, and a mind, which refuses to see things in terms of either ivory or ebony, will never see in meanly measured inches. Consider just for a second that ebony is black, and so is coal, and so is the skirt I happen to have on this morning.

But if I were to put a piece of coal and my small ebony elephant on my skirt, I would see that they are all of differing shades. There is no monochrome either in black or in white, a life-echo again because life is many-coloured in its essence, and that demands a corresponding reaction from us all.

Someone had once said "You must come down off your perch and accept him as he is. We can't alter people—nor perhaps have the right to." She knew now that it was so.

HE was in love again. She knew that by all the signs, so often repeated, of mood and gesture.

Instead of walking up the stairs to his study, he ran up, whistling as he went. He shaved first thing in the morning and dusted talcum powder on to his chin. The ink-stained corduroys and fisherman's jersey which were his usual working garb were thrown aside for grey flannels and clean shirts with gay ties. His hair was brushed and—surest sign of all—when he came down for meals he would give a swift, reassuring glance at himself in the mirror while a slight smile of approbation touched his lips.

She wondered who it was this time and ran over in her mind any "possibles" who were staying in the village.

The Gaylings' cousin? Hardly. The Gaylings' cousin was tall and angular and would never see forty again. Bella Harding? Unlikely. There was no mystery about Bella. No allure. Besides, he had known her too long. The little newly-widowed aunt staying with the Dobsons? She discarded her too, and then quite suddenly she remembered the girl she 'd seen in the post office with Gwen Halliday. And the Hallidays had given a cocktail party to which, because she 'd had a touch of her wretched hay fever, she had not gone.

But Paul had gone.

Yes, of course, Paul had gone.

The whole thing cleared in her memory then, taking on shape. She remembered that the very next morning he had been singularly talkative and gay and directly after breakfast he had hurried up to his study and worked like a lion.

But the hay fever had made her dull and she hadn't connected the sudden outburst of vitality and work with the Hallidays' cocktail party nor with the girl who stood beside Gwen in the post office. Now, of course, the whole thing was plain as a pikestaff.

SHE tried to recall the girl's face and figure, but could only conjure up a picture of a red skirt and a pale face slashed with a wide, scarlet mouth. And youth. For the girl, she swore it, couldn't have been more than twenty.

She frowned. It was too bad of Paul—really too bad. The older women could look after themselves, but a girl like that was defenceless. She might be hurt—terribly hurt.

She stood up and walked to the open french window and her figure was silhouetted against the evening light.

Why, she wondered, should she care if the girl were hurt? What did it matter as long as Paul had the stimulation he needed to carry on and finish his book? Because a finished book meant a cheque from his publishers. It also meant the tradesmen's bills paid up-to-date and new curtains in the bedrooms, and perhaps, this time, the long-promised central heating installed.

Why *should* she care? And yet the fact remained, she did care.

Was it, she wondered, because once, long ago, she too had been terribly hurt? And she had been about this girl's age. And *her* hair had been dark.

The pain of that first time—the sheer pain of it!

She had been married to Paul for just a year and still the wonder of being his wife coloured all the days.

Sweeping and dusting the cottage they lived in then, cooking his meals, ironing his shirts, she had often paused, her hands coming to rest on broom-handle or flour-crock, dreaming back to the night when Paul—even then "Paul Graham, the rising young novelist"—had asked her—HER—to marry him.

By STELLA MORTON

Illustrated by DEGIL

Faithful
in my Fashion

She had loved him ever since her brother Derek had first brought him to their home, but with Claire and Beth and Jane, her sisters, all out-doing themselves to fascinate Derek's new "find," it had never occurred to her that he would notice her, for it was seldom that *anyone* noticed her.

LONG ago, when she was still quite a child, she had realised that she was not beautiful, and at the time she had cried and told herself that she hated her dark, straight hair and sallow skin. And the shock of that realisation had gone deep, making her feel self-conscious and awkward.

He took her out to dinner and she thought that he might have been her lover instead of her husband

But Paul had fallen in love, not with Claire or Beth or Jane—but with her. And he had thought her beautiful! He had told her so, and the telling had made her cry.

Even now, twenty-eight years later, she could see the spring starlight turning the field of oats to rippling silver lace and she could see Paul's face above her own.

"My dear!" said Paul. "My beautiful——"

And she, brushing the tears from her eyes, had cried, "But I 'm not beautiful—I 'm *not!* Beth 's beautiful, and Jane and Claire, but I 'm plain, Paul. I 'm *not* beautiful."

And he had taken her hands and lifted them to his lips and said, "Jane and Beth and Claire are pretty and gay and vivacious—and ordinary. But you are beautiful. And what 's more, I love you better than anyone in the world, and if you won't marry me I 'll never marry anyone."

Two months later they *were* married.

The woman of forty-eight who stood by the french window sighed.

How she had adored him! How every movement he made, every word he spoke added to her love. And his need of her filled her with joy.

A YEAR. One short year of that sheer happiness! Well, that was more than some people had, wasn't it? For some people had never had a husband to tell them they were beautiful. Some people had never been loved at all.

It was late summer the first time it happened.

Because Paul had finished another book, they had taken a holiday in the south of France, staying with her aunt, her mother's sister.

The grapes were ripe on the hillsides, the mountains were rose-coloured as the sun went down and a copper moon swung out of the sea beyond the Italian coast.

And there, living in the next villa to her aunt, was Babette, her cousin's friend. Babette with her slim figure and coffee-coloured skin. Babette with her laughter and flashing eyes. And she hadn't been *afraid* of her—that was the astonishing thing. Paul loved her, Anna, and she loved Paul, and their love was unshakeable, unbreakable.

BABETTE walked up the mountain road with them, picking the purple figs from the trees and eating them till her mouth was stained. Babette bathed with them, cutting through the water like a knife. And in the evenings she sat in one of the cafés on the promenade with them, drinking an aperitif and smoking her French cigarettes. And still she, Anna, lived in her dream, unsuspicious, happy in her fool's paradise.

And then one night she had come on them in each other's arms beneath the olive trees. She had seen them quite clearly—Paul's white face, Babette's body bent backward—and she thought that she must die with the swift pain that stabbed right down to her heart. She had drawn one horrified breath—and Paul turned and saw her. But before he could say a word she had turned and run up the mountain path, not crying, but shaking all over, torn with unbelief and shame. And it was there, as she lay on the grass, that Paul had found her.

He was breathless from climbing the hill and his eyes were dark with fear, and though she tried to push him away he held her to him and she heard him say, "You 've got to understand. I don't love her. I love you. I *love* you, Anna, but I 'm like that—I 'm *weak*. I try not to be and I can't help it. She doesn't mean anything to me—I swear it. Just a sort of romance—a kiss in the starlight. But it 's you I love. You. Don't push me away, Anna. Don't. I need you so. I need you . . ."

But she had pushed him away and she had told herself that she would leave him, would go to Paris or Lyons or back to London—anywhere as long as she need never see him again.

But things seldom worked out in that sweeping, dramatic manner. There was her aunt to face, and her uncle and cousin. There was pride that kept her lips closed although she knew they regarded her red eyes with curiosity. And there was the long night when every now and then she woke from a troubled sleep to become aware of Paul's taut body lying beside her in the big bed.

And in the morning there was Babette.

She saw her coming towards her through the trees and her heart raced and to her horror she found herself thinking, "I could kill her. I really could put my hands round her throat and kill her."

Babette came on till she stood close to her and she put her hand on to her arm and said, "I know what you 're thinking, Anna. You 're thinking you 'll leave him, aren't you, because you saw him kiss me? That kiss! What did it mean? I 'll tell you what it meant. He 's a writer, isn't he? A romantic? He *needs* romance—don't you see that? It makes the ideas flow in his mind, fires him to write another book. But you 're his *wife*. He loves you. If you leave him you 'll spend your life regretting it. Not only that, Anna, but you 'll become dried up—and mean." (*Continued on page* 66)

DID IT HAPPEN TO YOU?

Though you may not take this summing up of the season's continental jaunts too literally the hotel hints for next time could be useful

BY P. M. DIXON

IN New York she would have demanded a Dubonnet or a Byrrh; in London a "rock and rye." But because she was in Paris she ordered a gin and tonic. She was very chic and spoke with the educated drawl that distinguishes the upper-bracket well-to-do American.

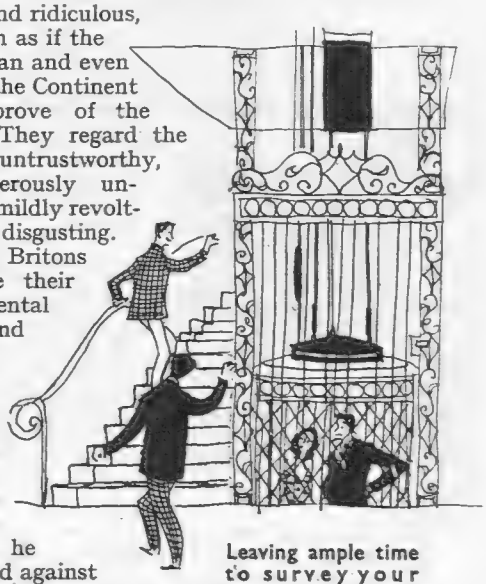
"My husband and I have spent six weeks in Sweden and Denmark and Holland," she said. "We've had ourselves quite a time. And now we want two weeks in the sun by the sea. Not one of those fashionable places like Cap d'Antibes—somewhere quiet, unspoiled and real typical."

I suggested Calvi, in Corsica. "Oh, not Corsica!" she exclaimed at once. "Corsica's not on the recommended list."

Now this phrase, "the recommended list," intrigued me and I probed a little deeper. It transpired that certain American travel agencies that cater for the wealthy issue such a list to their clients. It appears to consist exclusively of places on the Continent where there is at least one hotel, once safely inside of which the visitor can, if he does not look out of the window, almost feel as if he had never left New York. That is to say that the bedroom furnishings are late Statler or at least early Conrad Hilton; there is a telephone at the bedside; twin beds, of course; an adjoining bathroom and a staff that understands English.

NOW this may sound ridiculous, but it does seem as if the average American and even some Britishers on the Continent do not really approve of the Continent at all. They regard the natives as odd and untrustworthy, their habits dangerously unhygienic, their food mildly revolting and their morals disgusting. (I know countless Britons who will not take their children on a Continental holiday on the ground that the food is unsuitable. They do not explain, however, how Continental children survive.)

Thus, while he is anxious to patronise Continental resorts, he needs to be cushioned against too close a contact with the undesirable natives and their customs.



Leaving ample time to survey your friends who have elected to walk up

THE wealthier the tourist the more cushioning he can buy, but naturally he would never admit to seeking it at all. The cunning Continental hotelier, catering for this class of tourist, therefore allows him a second-hand glimpse of native custom every now and then to confirm his belief that the life he is leading is "real typical" of the country.

So—at meals in Italy a mandolin and guitarist will strum softly in a corner at mealtimes; the wine list will be rich in Chianti, Lacrimæ Christi and Orvieto; and the menu will offer strange-sounding Italian delicacies which, on arrival, will bear a remarkable resemblance to reassuringly familiar dishes like steak, chicken à la King, spaghetti with tomato sauce and that all-American stand-by, filet mignon—or underdone sliced roast beef. Spain will offer Arroz a la Valenciana (chicken and rice to the visitor) and American cigarettes; and in France all tourist bars will display Cap Corse, Rossi, the aforementioned Byrrh and Dubonnet, and Fernet Branca, and sell Scotch and soda and gin and Canada Dry.

Thus are the well-to-do kept happy cashing their travellers' cheques by the "recommended list" which, if it dared, would feature the Lido without mention of Venice.

(*Continued on page 70*)

A bedside telephone serves no useful purpose if there is no one to answer it

Whitewater Cottage, which started life in the Seventeenth Century as two cottages in the country-side near Basingstoke, was recently converted into a small country-house. There is now a dining-room, living-room, kitchen, hall and cloakroom downstairs ; plus three bed-rooms and a bathroom on the upper floor

...Whitewater Cottage

In uniting the two cottages, the original brick and tile exterior was left undisturbed, and only windows were modernized where improved lighting inside was necessary. The rear aspect of the house shown at the top of the page gives the garden view which is seen from the rear windows. In the dining-room-cum-day nursery (*left and right above*) a range was banished and a slow-combustion stove recessed into the chimney corner with cupboards for nursery paraphernalia on either side

The kitchen (*left and right*) was converted from a lean-to shed and is behind the dining-room, from which it is glimpsed through the service-hatch in the picture *above*. The Rayburn stove (*left*) cooks and heats water and feeds radiators in the hall and bathroom. All built-in cupboards are surfaced with green Formica in this stream-lined kitchen

Authentic oak beams and rafters span the living-room, now a spacious apartment with windows on to the front and rear of the house. The massive centre beam indicates the position of a dividing wall between two rooms which are now one. Cream curtains of ribbed silk have quilted pelmets, and the muted colours of Oriental rugs blend with the brighter hues of chintz. An antique wrought-iron fire-basket burns logs on the old brick hearth in winter. *On the right* the same room is seen from the opposite end

Photographs by

Humphrey Joel

The seven-year-old daughter of the house has a bedroom with white walls and a rosebud chintz bedcover. The white, washable wool rug is embroidered in bright Oriental colours and the chintz curtains have a turquoise blue design on a white ground. The main bedroom (*below*) shows the curious formation of the old roof beams where the chimney-stack backed on to it. A mirror is now fitted into the framework formed by the beams. *Below*, cunning use has been made of the fireplace recess by building in a cupboard low enough to serve as an additional seat. A small antique writing-desk has been transformed into a delightful dressing-table. Curtains and bedcover are sepia and lime-green quilted chintz

An old staircase was removed and a new one was constructed from part of a rose pergola which came from a local farmhouse garden. This, which is seen in the picture *above*, has been sanded and left in its natural colour. The staircase harmonises perfectly with the old oak beams and gives a pleasing air of spaciousness

At the top of the staircase this view shows the landing looking through to the main bedroom. The arched beam is the dividing line between the two original structures. The walls are off-white and the curtains indigo blue and white toile de jouey. This colour scheme creates an illusion of width and height, so necessary in a low-ceilinged house

You can't speak to Visitors

Illustrations by BROOKSHAW

By MARY ELLIOTT

AS long as Evan could remember, from June to September, the headland had belonged to the villagers and the beach to the summer visitors, and, whenever he could snatch a moment from his work with Mr. Pugh, the Garage, he would lie on the warm, scented headland turf watching them moving, small as ants, on the beach below.

There were no deck chairs, no ice cream parlours, no fortune tellers' booths. They seemed quite content to lie about on the firm white sand or sprawl against the sun-warmed rocks at the foot of the headland.

The men wore ancient grey flannel slacks rolled up to the knees, and the women and children brief sunsuits. Passing them on the way to the village, the villagers gave the impression of respectfully averting their eyes. They themselves, however sweltering the weather, still clung to their navy serge suits, and their women's legs were always respectably clad in artificial silk stockings. But what the visitors wore was their own affair, and it was upon them that they relied for their daily bread.

This was the tacitly-acknowledged fact which confined them, during the summer months, to the headland. The visitors, all providing and therefore all-powerful, might not like their presence on the beach. That was sufficient reason to bar them from it for ever.

Evan was glad it worked this way and not in the reverse. Curved round

The thought of her going brought him despair, but the barrier of convention must not break

She looked up and saw him. But even in his surprise and confusion he did not speak to her

the little beach like protecting arms, the headland reached out to the sea. On the hottest days there was always a small breeze. He never ceased to marvel on how the visitors preferred to herd together on the beach.

"Townsfolk are all the same," said his mother, a small, shrewd Welshwoman with darting, black eyes. "They come for the sea and the sand, and the sea and the sand they mean to have."

"I do not see why we cannot go there too," Evan said boldly. "Silly it is that we must go before seven in the morning if we want to bathe. The visitors this—the visitors that—I am sick of the visitors!"

"Evan!" said his mother. She was deeply shocked. He realized he could not tell her what was far worse—that he had fallen in love with a visitor.

FOR two summers now he had noticed her, ever since that hot evening in August when he had surprised her lying in a hollow on the headland, gazing out to sea. She was very young then—about fifteen he'd guessed from the superiority of his eighteen years. Instead of the usual brief sunsuit, she wore a pale blue dress, vaguely shabby and washed out, though that was nothing unusual. For some strange reason, the visitors seemed to delight in wearing old clothes.

Her smooth, dark brown hair hung in two plaits over her shoulders. She looked up and saw him. He still remembered the sudden, startled widening of her dark eyes, and the faint flush that sprang with miraculous quickness over her smooth young face. Even in his surprise and confusion, he had not spoken to her. The deeply-rooted convention that the Village, under no circumstances, ever intruded on the Visitor, held him back. As he walked away, he could feel her eyes following him.

He was careful not to go to that part of the headland again, but he could not get the girl out of his mind. The very fact that she had chosen the headland instead of the beach implied a secret kinship between them that quickened his interest. He had never had a girl.

Shy and solitary, he took no part in the giggling manoeuvres of the village girls and boys after chapel on Sunday evenings. But this girl was different. He found himself watching for her, picking out her faded blue dress on the beach below. She was always alone. For hours she would sit propped against a rock, reading

absorbedly. Occasionally, her plaits tucked carefully under a white rubber cap, she swam.

After a month, at the end of August, she disappeared. Not until then did he realize how completely she had taken possession of his imagination. When the wind ranged wildly over the headland and the cold, winter sea swirled angrily over the deserted beach, he thought of her with despair. It seemed to him that he would never see her again.

"And even if I see her," he told himself, "I can never speak to her."

To do that would bring the solid weight of the disapproval of the whole village down on his head. He would be accused of that most terrible of crimes—Upsetting the Visitors. They would no longer feel safe, and so they would go somewhere else. The entire delicately balanced economic structure of the village would be threatened.

THE girl came back into his life unexpectedly one morning in the following August, when he had gone down to the beach very early to swim. One moment he was alone and the next her white rubber bathing cap was bobbing up in the water a few yards away from him. He stifled his first, instinctive reaction as an encroaching villager, to retreat.

"No one expects the visitors to be about so early," he argued. "Well within my rights I am if I stay. Even my mother would not say otherwise."

He fancied the girl was looking in his direction, and he wished with all his heart to speak to her, but this, he realized, would be considered, under the strict village code, as Familiarity, or—even more dreadful word—Molesting. He made for the rocks at the foot of the headland. Presently, he saw the girl following. Neither looked directly at the the other. Neither spoke. After he had dressed behind a rock and was climbing the path to the road, he saw the girl coming out too.

Before she went away at the end of the month, this happened half a dozen times, but never a word passed between them. Sometimes he imagined he caught her eyes on him in a mute agony of entreaty, but to speak to her, he told himself, would bring even this frail castle of happiness crashing round their ears.

When she had gone, despair far worse than that of the previous winter returned, and this time he could not console himself with the thought that next summer his fancy for her would have fled. With the magnificent certainty of youth, he knew now that he would feel the same if she came and went a dozen summers.

That winter was the worst for years. The quiet summer breeze became a tearing hurricane, rushing pitilessly in from the sea. Snow, which, because of their sheltered position, often missed them, fell heavily in early December, and lay long in the headland hollows, infinitely white against the dark, green turf. In the same dark, winter mood, Evan went about his work with Mr. Pugh, brooding on the girl.

AN unknown car was an event in the quiet monotony of their days, but even in the height of the busy summer, he would have noticed the immaculate, fawn Rolls-Royce, driven by the quiet middle-aged chauffeur, which called for petrol a few days before Christmas.

"A new car his people have bought," said Mr. Pugh after he had gone. "Last year it was the green Bentley. Very wealthy they must be. And what now do you think? They are coming to the village for Christmas. A big house party or something there is to be up at the Beach Hotel." He laughed his silent, Welsh laugh. "I would not leave my old fireside to stay at any hotel, but I am not complaining. Good for trade it will be."

Bursting with hope and excitement, Evan looked at him, considering. Mr. Pugh was a deacon at the chapel, a man highly respected, whose opinion went a long way with the villagers.

"Mr. Pugh," he asked hesitatingly, "do you think the visitors will want to—to bathe or anything on the beach?"

"Mad you are, boy," said Mr. Pugh cheerfully. "Bathe indeed! Queer we know the visitors are, but not as queer as that."

"Then I could go on the beach if I wanted?" asked Evan.

"As I said before, mad you are boy!" said Mr. Pugh, laughing.

"But it would not be forbidden," said Evan pressing his point, "because of the visitors?"

Mr. Pugh stuck his thumbs judicially into the armpits of his waistcoat.

"Summer is summer, and is for the visitors," he said. "But unnatural it is for them to come in the depth of winter with the snow on the ground, and if they are crazy enough to go to the old beach it is their own lookout. The village has its rights. Yes, indeed," went on Mr. Pugh, warming to his subject. "I see no reason why you should not go, my boy."

"And if I happened to see one of the visitors," pursued Evan cunningly, "only polite it would be to say 'Good day,' or 'Merry Christmas'?"

Mr. Pugh considered this ponderously.

"Nothing wrong I can see in that," he said at last. (*Continued on page 70*)

By RAYMOND BENNETT

The World of

parties plus

They are parties indeed, when the wealthy are on the spree

FOR those who would like to see their particular world "on the map," one can now offer a piece of sound advice: invest in a party. It will, of course, be something rather special. The select and discreetly expensive is no longer enough, and to have merely "sufficient" champagne is to meet with a devastating shrug of the public shoulders. . . . But throw a masterpiece of folly and extravagance, and the whole world will thank you for it.

Buckets of caviar, fabulous gowns and floodlit fountains playing pink champagne may seem improper when national and international rights are being discussed at the conference table next door—but whether we approve or not, such parties have become an almost daily feature of the press reports.

The grand manner re-established itself in a blaze of glory when the Marquis de Bestegui gave his "Palace Warming" in Venice four years ago. The idea of 15,000 distinguished and elaborately costumed guests arriving by gondola, and being entertained with ballet, minuet and mambo, to say nothing of a host who changed his costume sixteen times during the evening, dazzled the general public, and inspired the wealthy to follow suit.

And a ball, given the necessary push, rapidly gathers volume.

On the following year, the Marquis de Cuevas, who has his own corps de ballet, gave a Fête Champêtre in Biarritz. Chiberta, the country club, was disguised with a château façade for the occasion, and the Marquis, crowned with grapes and ostrich feathers, was the presiding genius at a spectacle which included twenty-one sumptuous tableaux, torch-bearing lackeys, gowns created by the leading *couturières*, and a collection of farmyard animals especially imported for "rural" effect.

The fabulous party is by no means peculiar to the eccentric and titled millionaire. A plain Mister, or a not-so-plain Miss can do

Illustrations by NICHOLAS

the trick just as easily. Miss Susan "Twentieth-Century-Fox" Zanuck, for instance, chose Sunset Boulevard for location, and gave Ciro's poetic licence to evoke the East. The result was a heady mixture of gilded Buddhas and incense, geisha girls and saki, with here and there a tasty morsel of octopus. The guests, by way of light relief, came in their normal, everyday glamour.

THE successful party must have a theme, and when in doubt, always attempt the impossible. In London, this year, the Côte d'Azure Ball made an exotic June of our cheerless January. Date palms and mimosa, fruit and a whole festival of flowers were flown over from the South of France; the ballroom and the reception rooms of the Dorchester were transformed overnight, and Park Lane itself became an illuminated garden.

Another spectacular function to take place in London was the £10,000 coming-out ball given for Miss Barbara Stanley Smith. The Stoll Theatre was "rebuilt" in a week: the stage became a "submerged" palace, rococo in style, with underwater gauzes, and mobile silver fish, and bubble machines. The stalls were built over, and a magnificent ballroom arose, with furnishings of gold, and a midnight blue sky, from which fanciful birds were suspended. The boxes were transformed into giant bouquets of roses and carnations, and pink and white champagne was served by waiters dressed in the appropriate colours. Every available space was used. A Spanish ballet was produced "downstairs," and a vinery supper room, hung with real grapes, was the joy of guests and cleaners alike. If the kaleidoscopic total defied any simple definition, the two 60-ft. high birds of paradise in the foyer were at least gorgeously significant, and a night of revelry ended in the gruesome tradition of the Chelsea Arts Ball. (*Continued on page* 80)

THE PICK OF THE COUTURE

Three moods for late day : svelte theatre ensemble . . . powder pink bouffant dress of romantic charm . . . full-scale grand evening . . .

Hartnell, *left :* Fan-sleeved cape jacket with bloused, back-dipping line accentuated by the wide, low satin sash. Beneath it, a sleeveless dress close as a second skin. To complete it, a "femme du monde" cloche beret by Claude St. Cyr. The whole in sophisticated plain jet black

Digby Morton, *centre :* Appropriately christened "Nostalgie," a dress so like a rose petal that one could imagine it scented. In soft pink silk and velvet reminiscent of old Versailles, the draping caught and made into a bustle by one large rose.

Stiebel, *right :* A grand ball gown of silk which looks blue in some lights, green in others, frosted over with black crystal organza embroidered in a stately scroll design. Topped by a luxurious blue stole edged with sinuous blue fox. A cool, calm dress with a graceful and lovely line

It is to be a honey-coloured Autumn. *Top, left to right*—

Cavanagh: Pale gold dress with crisp buttoned panels, long sleeves and a tiny waist, having the feeling of an 1890 riding habit. The hat in white fur melusine with soft, brow-flattering brim. By Valerie Brill at Michael

Wind-cheating cape collar on a coat of deep, vibrant orange, by Michael, fastened and decorated by three buttons in a slanting row. Worn open, the collar forms a cape over the shoulders. And in the *left foreground*, Michael classic suit in bronze silk tweed, given gay abandon by a giant artist's bow in black coffee velvet slotted through the framing cape collar

Digby Morton, *right*, makes a *real* fisherman's knit of cream-coloured unbleached wool in a bold design like those worn by the men of Aran. This jacket, actually knitted by a woman of Aran, is worn with a Paisley blouse and lined to match. The skirt is of cream Irish tweed. Acorn hat by Rudolf

THE PICK OF THE RETAIL

Four statements of the long-bodied look:
Left, elongated waistcoat-top over billowy skirt, in jewel colours—sapphire, ruby, pale topaz, emerald—all flashing with Lurex. Available in normal and under 5 ft. 3 in. sizes. By Rembrandt, 15 gns., at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W.1; John Barry, Northampton; Brights, Bournemouth.
Top, figure-fitting princess dress in mushroom pink givrine with circular collar of mink-like fur. Also in gold, black, navy, green, red, ocean. By Bijou, about 7 gns., at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W.1; Matthias Robinson, Leeds

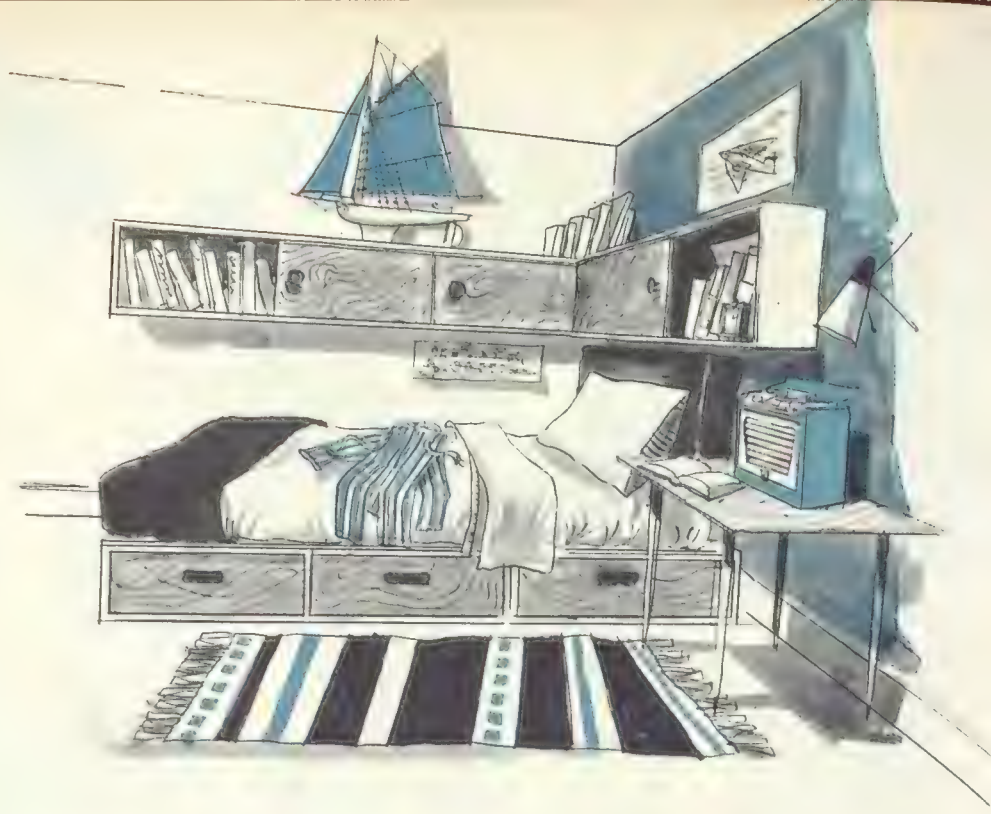
Dream of a dress by Frank Usher (*centre*): we chose it in French marigold, but you can also have it in cornflower, cherry, lime, fuchsia or black. The slender bodice line continues into a plain panelled front set into low-placed panniers. High stand-away cleft neckline. About 9 gns.; at Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W.1; Watt Bros., Glasgow; Chanal, Leeds. *Top right:* Dramatic Flamenco dress by Ricci Michaels: black lace over petunia taffeta; a sheath-slim bodice erupts into tempestuously swirling skirt—this is the dress to tango in . . . Also in grey, black or peacock. 12 gns. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, W.1; Bentalls (Personality Shop), Kingston-on-Thames

Illustrations by STAPLER

Four styles to highlight week-ends and every day : first, *in the foreground*, a cuddlesome coat by Windsmoor, in smoothest velour contrast-lined with cotton velvet. About £12 10s. at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street ; Bobbys, Bournemouth. Above it, Lurex glitter again in this " chain mail " jacket, or (worn buttoned up) shirt. By London Pride, about 8 gns. at Harrods, where you can also buy Airborne leisure slippers with gold or silver trellis fronts to match the jacket. The pencil skirt, in rayon/nylon mixture, with detachable, permanently pleated flying panel, is by Janet Colton. Black, grey, navy, about £3 17s. 6d. at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street ; Thornton-Varley, Hull

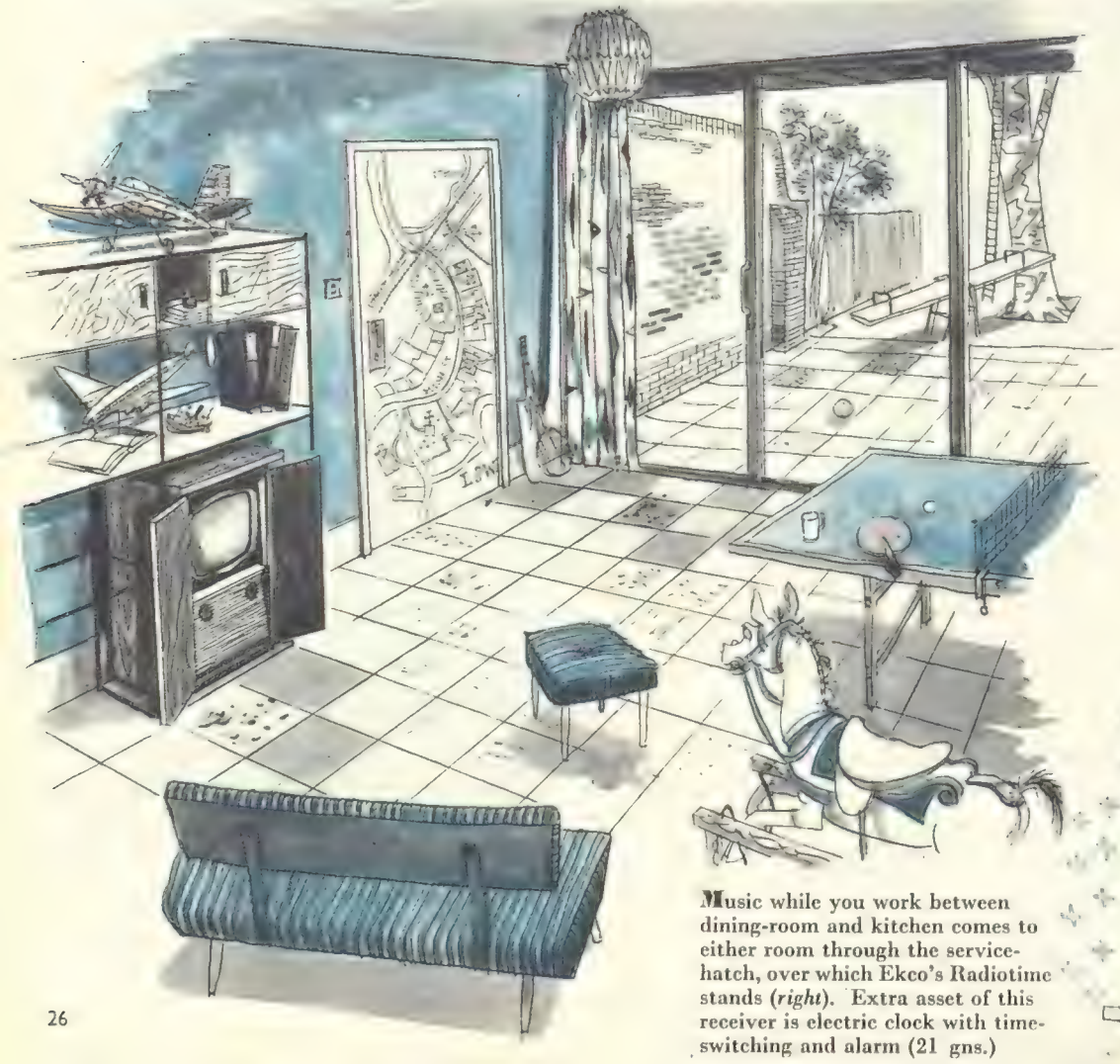
Slim, sleeveless dress and tunic coat in jacquard jersey (*centre*) by Rima, about 23½ gns., at Adrienne, Marylebone High Street, London ; Brights, Bournemouth. And finally, also in jersey, a dress with adaptable knitted neckline ; can be worn as here or fitted high to keep out the cold. By Linzi, 6 gns., at Meda Sports, New Bond Street, W.1 ; Bon Marché, Liverpool

TO-DAY'S houses demand radio or TV in every room—if the purse will run to it. Sometimes, as in the living-room sketched on the opposite page, both vision and listening are catered for. In any case, the latest sets come in all shapes and sizes and what is perhaps more important, meet practically every need and whim—from the austere conventionality of yesterday's faded drawing-room to the bright patchwork of to-morrow's all-in-one living-room. Here we show some of the newest radio and TV sets and our idea of some of the rooms they would suit to give the best of looking and listening for every member of the family. For to-day, a radio or TV set is no longer solely a communal affair for everyone to crowd round—it has its own place in the scheme of living of each individual member of the family



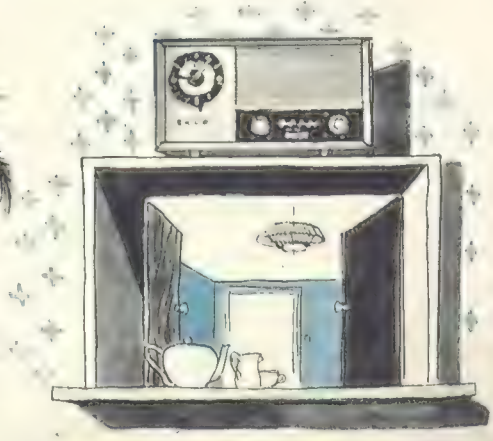
Illustrations by DAVID KNIGHT

LOOKING and LISTENING

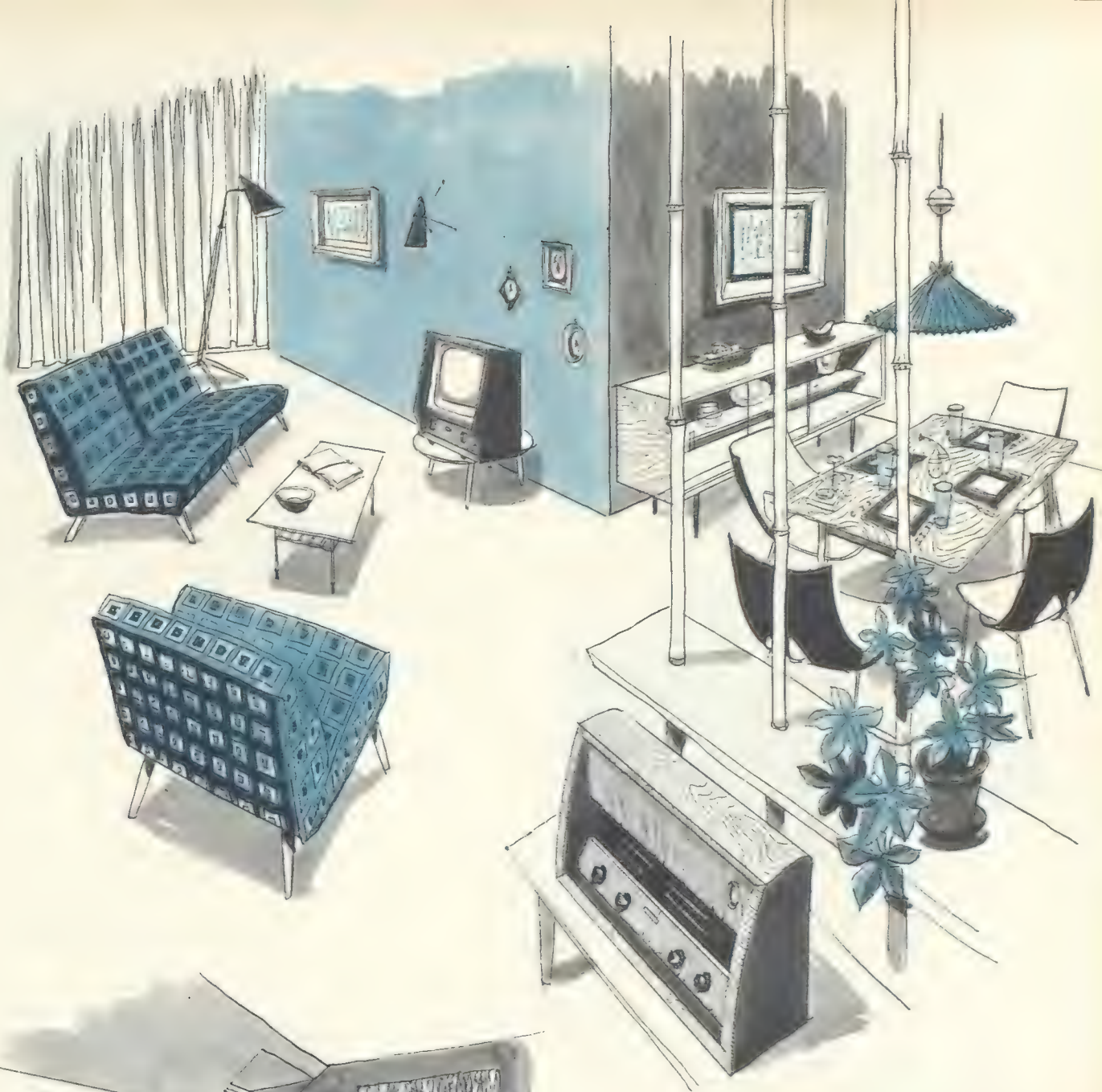


He 's school age, wants a bedroom that is also study and playroom (*above*). His own private listening-in is provided here by a Philips portable, which he can also take to school or on holidays, as it runs off mains or self-contained batteries equally well (22 gns., without batteries)

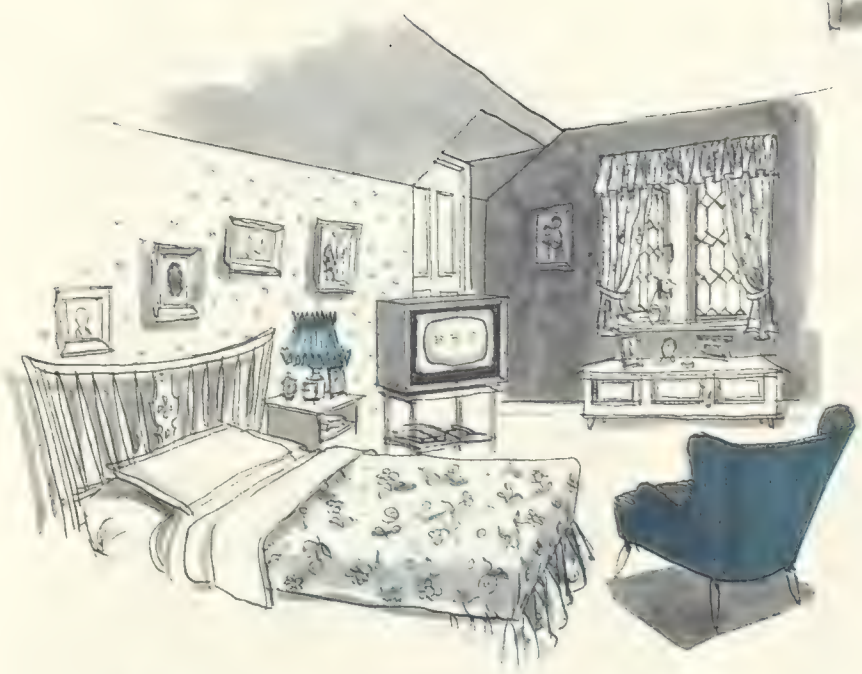
The " youngest set " in this modern home (*left*) have a fully-equipped playroom catering for 2 to 15-year-old ; and opening through wide glass doors on to outdoor play area. Murphy's all-channel TV set for BBC and commercial programmes is snugly housed in this room within a framework of metal " ladder " storage shelves. The set itself is protected from frontal " assault " by folding doors. AC/DC, 17-in. screen, £110

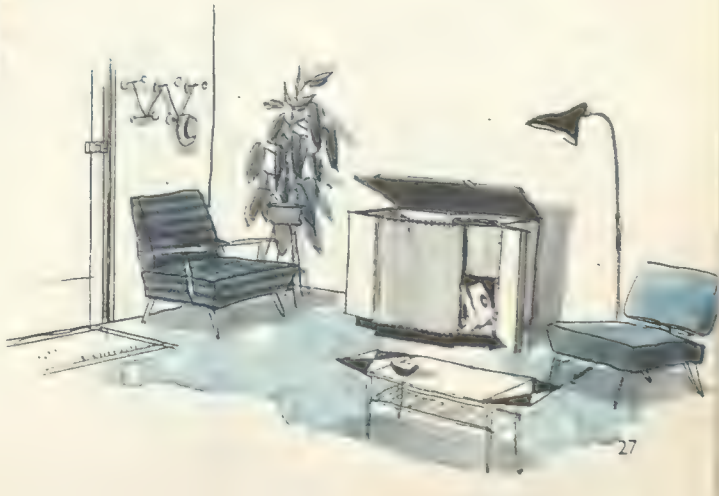


Music while you work between dining-room and kitchen comes to either room through the service-hatch, over which Ekco's Radiotime stands (*right*). Extra asset of this receiver is electric clock with time-switching and alarm (21 gns.)



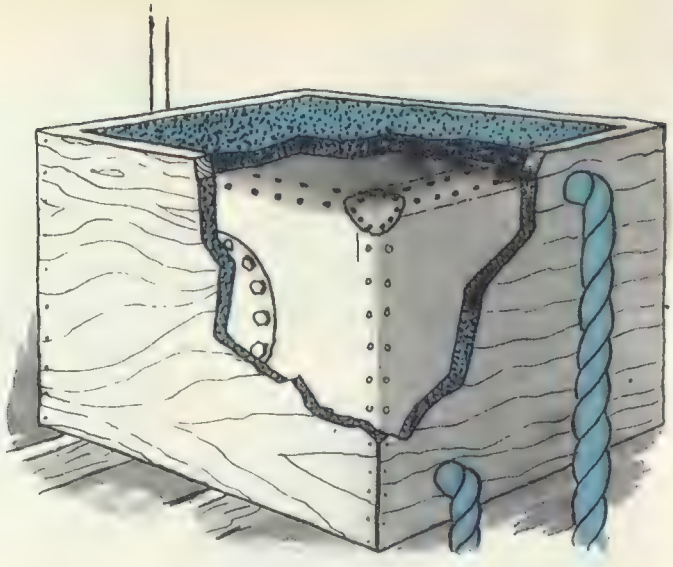
A modern living-room with dining annexe (*above*) groups lounge furniture round a Pilot television in walnut and Tygan finish (14-in. screen, all programmes, 69 gns.). A swivel-type TV table would permit viewing from dining annexe as well. Sound programmes on all wave-lengths, including the new VHF BBC transmissions, are catered for in the same room by a Murphy A242 nine-valve receiver in the foreground (£35).



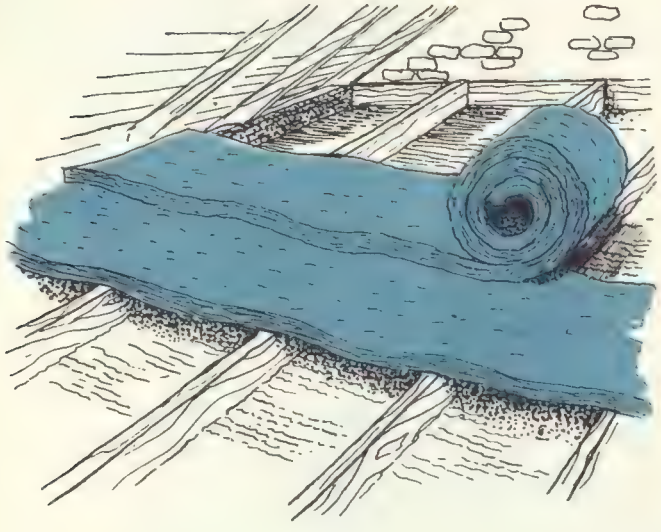


Big-screen sets give easy-on-the-eye viewing. Here a bed-sitting-room for older folk " living in " is lavishly equipped with Philips 17-in. screen, all-programme table TV receiver (78 gns.). *Right :* With television occupying pride of place in the living-room, space for radiogram and room for dancing at party-time can sometimes be found in a fair-sized hall. Here a Sobell all-wave auto-radiogram with large record cupboards meets the younger generation's taste for uninterrupted dance music. (79 gns.)

HEAT that LEAKS

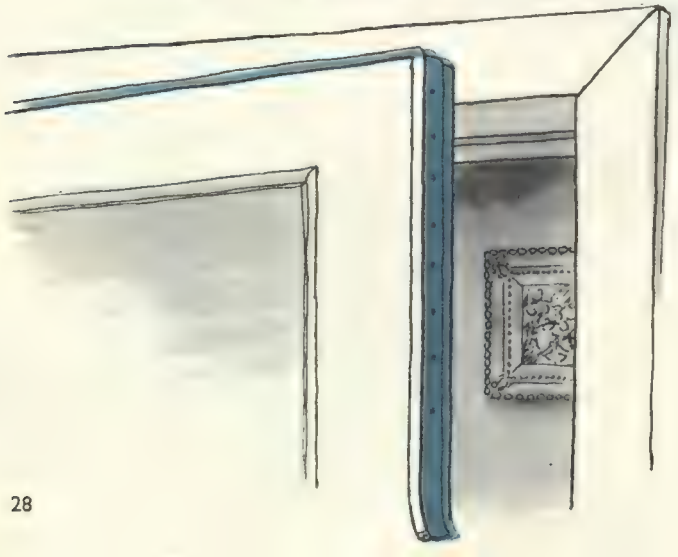


Uninsulated hot-water tanks and pipes mean fuel wasted in keeping the water temperature at the desired degree. Tanks can easily be lagged by using one of the proprietary forms of "jacket" such as Fibreglass. Alternatively, a satisfactory method is to make a plywood case round the tank and pack the space between with mineral or glass wool. Fibreglass can be bought loose for this purpose. Lag the pipes too



As much as £4 of a £10 fuel bill can be wasted through the roof. Proper insulation would cut this loss to about £1. Simplest method of achieving this is to lay an insulating "blanket" in the attic over the joists, as shown here. The edges of the blanket should overlap 3 ins. Insulation on these lines also makes for more comfortable summer living, as the heat of the sun is kept from the rooms below

Ventilation is necessary in any room. Draughts are not—and waste nearly as much heat as that other enemy of the warm house—an uninsulated roof. Draughty doors are best tackled by using one of the patent draught excluders such as flexible metal strip or rubber tubing as shown (*right*). Gaps and cracks round doors, windows and so on can be filled with putty or mastic sealing compound



By NICHOLAS HARDING

Illustrations by GUS

IT is an extraordinary thing that so many people are actually prepared to pay for being uncomfortable. Keeping warm is a number one preoccupation from October to March and money is spent lavishly on new heating apparatus which, generally speaking, gives out the maximum of heat with the minimum of expensive fuel.

And so much of this heat is wasted. For the truth is that, efficient as modern heating appliances are, heat losses in the average home minimise the results of an otherwise justifiable outlay on new equipment.

A house, in fact, is rather like a teapot without a cosy. If we can devise an artificial "cosy" we can not only keep warm, but save a lot of money.

Within the scope of a reasonable financial outlay this can be achieved quite easily to-day. There are really three things the house "cosy" has to combat: heat losses through the roof (as everyone knows, hot air rises and the ordinary house roof does nothing to stop it vanishing into outer air); heat losses from the hot-water system; and draughts.

Heat losses through the roof: If a barrier is inserted between the warm air of the house and the cold air of the attic, much of the heat that would otherwise escape through the roof is kept inside the house. The simplest way of achieving this is to lay a "blanket" of glass wool or mineral wool over the whole of the floor of the attic. Bitumen-bonded Fibreglass blanket is supplied for this purpose in rolls 30 ft. long and in widths varying from 3 ft. to 4 ft. It is simple to lay, being draped over the ceiling joists of the room below with the edges of the blanket overlapping by about 3 ins. The cost for an average-sized house would be about £6 to £7.

What will this achieve in terms of money-saving? In an ordinary modern house up to £4 of a £10 fuel bill can be wasted through the roof alone. Insulation can cut this loss to about £1. To put it another way: if you are satisfied with the present temperature of your house, insulation on these lines will save about 6 cwt. of fuel a year—or you can have a warmer house for the same fuel consumption. One thing to remember is

Much of the precious fuel we burn trying to keep warm in winter is wasted through the roof—from exposed hot water tanks, and through draughts. Keeping this warmth in the house where it is wanted is not only common sense it is practical economics

Make an insulating jacket . . .

that the attic will be an even colder place than before! This means that cold water tanks and pipes should be insulated against frost at the same time.

Pads of fibreglass blanket cut to size can be taped round the tank and long strips cut to suit the pipes. Bungalows benefit still more than two-floor houses from roof insulation, since even more heat is lost that way.

Incidentally, roof insulation works in reverse. It not only keeps heat in in winter, it keeps a lot of the sun's heat *out* in summer and makes bedrooms much cooler.

Heat losses from the hot water system.—Quite a bit of heat is lost from hot water pipes and tanks. Radiators are meant to radiate heat—the hot water storage tank is meant to act as such, not to make a furnace of the airing cupboard. A lot of money is wasted this way.

Consider the popular electric immersion-type heater arranged to keep the water at a regular temperature by thermostatic control. An unlagged tank can waste as much as 5,000 units per annum if the heater is on the whole time. With proper lagging of tank and pipes this loss can be cut to about 200 units a year.

The best way to lag a hot-water tank is to make or buy an insulating jacket. Fibreglass-filled jackets which are designed to envelop the tank are excellent. The main hot-water flow and return pipes from boiler to tank—the ones that make the kitchen unbearable in summer—should also be lagged. Fibreglass ¾-in. strip or bandage is suitable and quite easy to fix.

Draughts.—Draughts are another way in which we actually *pay* for discomfort. Nearly as much heat is wasted this way as through the roof. One can't completely seal a room, of course. It is possible to over-do things for proper ventilation is needed to keep fires burning and the occupants alive. But draughts need form no part of ventilation.

Some draughts are only too obvious. The more insidious ones can be traced by running a lighted match or cigarette round doors, windows, skirting and floor boards, and watching for a tell-tale flicker.

Possible to over-do things . . .

Gaps and cracks can be filled with putty, plastic wood or a mastic sealing compound. Quarter-round strips of wood nailed along skirtings will help keep out draughts at floor level.

Bad gaps in floor boards can be filled with fillets of wood and mastic sealing compound, but generally speaking, lino or latex underlay is the best antidote to draughts through the floor boards.

Doors are best treated with one of the patent draught exclusion devices obtainable from ironmongers. The rubber tubing or flexible metal strip types are both easy to fit, the former being the cheaper and the latter the more durable.

Draught excluders which lift up and down with the action of the door also help, and the old-fashioned "bolster" at the foot of the door is not to be looked on too scornfully, nor for that matter in the older-type house, is a folding screen if strategically placed.

None of these things cost a lot. And it's much better to pay a little for comfort than go on buying discomfort !

The attic will be colder than before . . .

All a Star

By MARGERIE SCOTT

WHEN the Super-Excello Film Company decided to make a film in the village of St. Martin in Quebec, everyone was pleased except André Laporte, whose idea it was.

André had been born in St. Martin, loved it as a boy, regarded it with shuddering horror as a young man looking back from the sophisticated heights of New York, and later, as a rather jaded Hollywood writer, he had begun to think of it with nostalgia.

So that when the time came to start on the adaptation of that novel about Egypt, it came fairly naturally to him to set the whole thing in St. Martin instead.

"I know it's supposed to be about Egypt," Clyde Tomasky said restlessly, "but we *done* Egypt two-three times. We need a *change*, Boy. Don't you know any places?" André, who had stopped squirming years ago at being called "Boy," said he did, he knew a village where nothing happened except advancing age and not much of that.

"What's its name?" Clyde asked.

"*St. Martin,*" André said lovingly, giving the two words their French pronunciation. Clyde gave him a sharp glance.

"So okay," he said, "write us about that place, and never mind all that Egypt stuff. We'll even go and make the picture right there. Will Mary Mae like it?"

"Mary Mae," André assured him, stifling his horror at the thought of Super-Excello's high-priced star set down in the St. Martin he remembered, "will love it."

"Okay," Clyde Tomasky said again, "so write."

SO André wrote; a story which had almost nothing to do with the novel about Egypt on which it was supposed to be based, but which was full of memories of his own youth, of the village where nothing happened but where everyone seemed to live full and satisfying lives, of the sound of sleigh-runners on crisp sunlit snow, and long hot lazy summer days when it seemed as if the snow and ice must have been a dream.

He loved every minute of the writing, and he practically forgot about shaping his story into an acceptable vehicle for Miss Mary Mae Mullins, S.-E.'s newest and most expensive star.

But in spite of that, everyone, even Miss Mullins herself, liked the story when it was done.

"It's . . . it's *real*, Boy," Clyde Tomasky said emotionally, "it makes me homesick, it's gonna make *everybody* homesick, it's like you was writing about your own home maybe."

André nodded, embarrassed, determined that he would tell neither Clyde nor anyone else, that he had indeed been writing about his own home, that every word he wrote, every picture his practised pen evoked, was touched with love, with remembrance of youth, with a gentle melancholy longing for "things as they used to be."

But in spite of his determination, the studio publicity boys nosed out the story, and it seemed like a fine idea to send André on ahead to St. Martin, to make arrangements to accommodate the cast and crew, because, as Clyde put in winningly, "You know everybody in the place, Boy, what I mean, the old home town and all."

IT wasn't any use trying to explain that André hadn't been in St. Martin since he was eighteen, which was nearly twenty years ago, or that the village as he remembered it couldn't have accommodated more than a couple of touring cyclists without strain. The whole idea of making a film there now appeared to André in its true light; nothing more than a sentimental indulgence in daydreams and nostalgia, and it was time everybody concerned woke up.

But André himself had been in Hollywood for twelve years, and he had no courage left to say so. He left for St. Martin, intending to send a telegram to Clyde as soon as he got there, saying that for various reasons (plague? hurricane? flood? Oh, well, he could decide later) it was impossible for them to make the film there.

After that, it was a shock to find that he had been wrong about everything. First, he found himself remembered by far more people than he had thought possible, twenty years in a small village being a far shorter period of time than it is anywhere else, and second, although the village itself still looked very much as he remembered it, it was practically ringed round with luxurious motels, cabins and motor-courts, each one complete with restaurants and swimming-pools.

"André Laporte," said Madame Gompert, proprietress of the Belle Rive Motel, "so you are returned, *hein?*"

"Yes, Madame," André said, whisked back in the twinkling of an eye to the days when (*Continued on page* 73)

"Wouldn't it be fun," André said, "to get back to the beginning and be yourself for a change?"

should be

Illustration by SCOTT-BROWN

Working carefully square by square these two lovely designs can be painted by a courageous amateur

it's DARING *but it's* FUN

Paint a picture panel on your furniture. This method is far less difficult than it seems at a glance

THERE are several things to do about outmoded furniture if you are stuck with it—unless you have no objection to being outmoded.

(1) You can continue living with it, along with the frustration it incites. (2) You can arrange it in a modern scheme of background decoration and pray the walls will get all the attention. (3) You can paint it!

A lot of people seem to feel that there is something unethical about painting over "good wood," but unless you feel very strongly indeed about this you may see reason in the argument that the intrinsic virtues of "nice old oak or mahogany" are apt to be concealed by unpleasing proportions which tend to be far more obvious than the "good wood."

With prejudice out of the way the question remains, is painting furniture practicable? Can an amateur do it successfully? The answer is that to make a worthwhile job of it you need time, patience and discrimination in the choice of colours and decoration. As to the last, one can use a simple combination of colour harmonies without further decoration—or if you believe that most things are easier than they seem, once you have conquered initial nerves and decided to try—you can branch out into something more ambitious.

The beautiful French design used as a decoration on the chest, inset opposite, is a case in point. Initially, most amateurs might think this decoration beyond their powers to achieve in paint, but if you study the design enlarged on the graph to the left you will see that the difficulties are much minimized by working on squared paper.

DOOR panels of the chest shown in the inset picture measure 14 in. by 16 in. If, when you come to decorate your own furniture, yours are of a different size you must adapt the design to the shape of your own panels. Take a sheet of strong tracing-paper the size of the panel to be painted. Divide it width-ways into seven equal parts. Draw in vertical lines (using a T-square). Now draw in horizontal lines so that the panel is divided into equal squares. Start by drawing the outside garland, following the design square by square. Add or subtract leaves according to the space and shape of your panel. Then put in the bird and medallion.

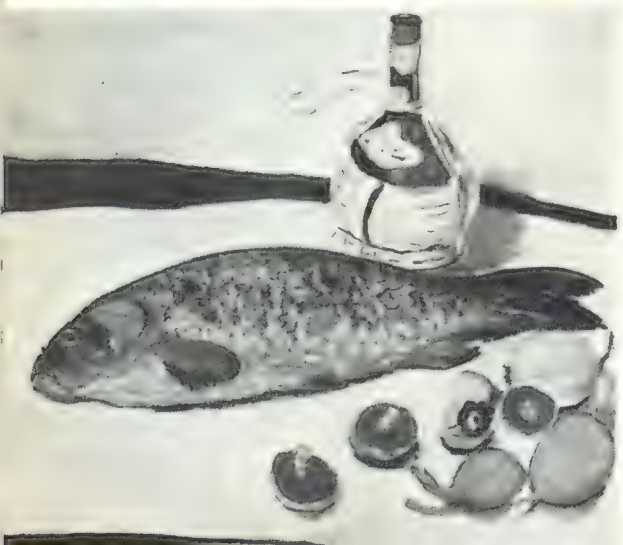
Once the design is completed, cover the back of the tracing-paper with coloured crayon. Fix the tracing with Sellotape on to the panel you are going to paint and go over the whole design with a hard pencil. Before removing the tracing, make sure you have gone over all of it and that it is all reproduced on the panel. Paint in the background colour of the bird first, and wait until it is thoroughly dry before painting in details of plumage with a fine brush.

Artists oil paint diluted with linseed oil gives brilliant colours. Let the decoration dry completely and cover with a light coat of colourless varnish.

Preparing the furniture surface for painting takes patience more than skill. If you would like to know how it is done we shall be happy to send you details of the method.

A cosmetic treatment with paint has given a highly original character to this ornate furniture of the past

Painting by Lucien Lowen



The art of extending familiar objects towards the spectator is the fundamental purpose of the still life painting

The virile colouring of gourds on a chequered background sets the theme of a gay kitchen colour scheme

Collection: Paul Wallraf

Mrs. Lawson Dick who painted all but the still life opposite has done much with her recent work to popularize the kitchen painting

The subject is . . . . FOOD

Familiar objects, traditional subjects of the still life are used by contemporary artists for the kitchen paintings now so popular

Plumage and fruit—the very stillness has the quality of trompe-l'oeil

"I NEVER realized how much beauty there was around me in my parent's home," wrote Marcel Proust, "in the half-cleared table, the lifted corner of a tablecloth, a knife beside an empty oyster shell." He was referring to the still-lifes of Chardin.

This brings me right into my theme that the kitchen can be a place of beauty, provided you have the good fortune to have a well proportioned room for it.

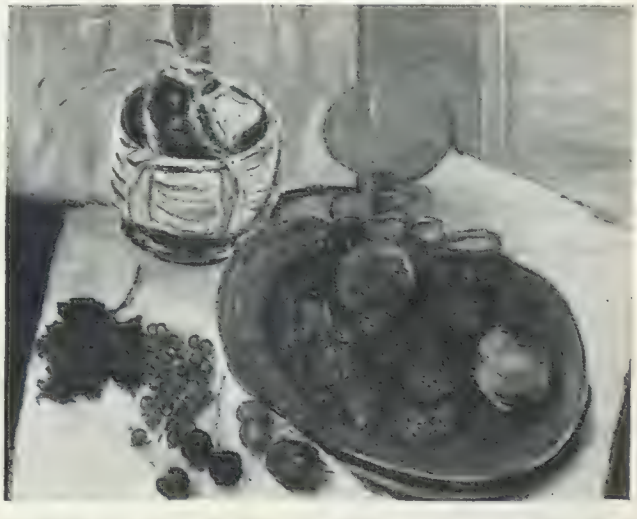
Now that so many of us find it essential to have a kitchen-cum-dining-room the clinical appearance of our cooking quarters seem to demand a more aesthetic note. We eat where we cook, therefore the room must be a place not only to prepare the feast but to linger in and savour its pleasures.

A painting that reflects the enjoyment derived from good food will form the nucleus of an attractive scheme of decoration for the kitchen. It is a focal centre and a colour key from which the décor is derived.

And what better subject could the painter desire than the glitter of fish, the shape of bottles and the brilliance of fruit spread as on a market stall with pots and porcelain for company?

The term "still-life" was first used by the Dutch in the seventeenth century and sounds better than the French equivalent "Nature morte." It is the stillness that matters and a few apples or peaches on a plate, even game may be still but far from dead.

The rising Dutch middle class, combining their accumulated wealth with a joy and pleasure in good living became the patrons of many good artists, who did not scorn to paint subjects connected with food and the kitchen. But the Dutch were not the first. As early as the first century A.D. there are Pompeian wall paintings and mosaics depicting food subjects.



What better locale for the kitchen painting than the table?

Bridget Booth, a vision mixer, and Pat Bennet, now training for production, are two young people who are tipped for bright futures in Television

TV personalities are not all on the screen

By FREDDY BLOOM

Meet some invisible people whose personalities make an important impact upon your viewing

Producer Catherine Dove whose first programme "Why Not Paint" with Mervyn Levy has marked her as a girl with a future

THE term "Television Personality" used to mean something. It indicated a man or woman of exceptional charm, talent, intelligence or good looks, whose outstanding qualities were expressed to the public through television.

Nowadays anybody who makes a two-minute appearance in a panel game is promptly labelled "television personality," which is sheer nonsense. The fact that John Smith or Mary Brown is seen by several million viewers adds nothing to the quality of John or Mary. It does not automatically make them personalities. I object to this ruthless murder of perfectly good words.

There are real television personalities, and it should not be necessary to find new words to describe them. This train of thought quite naturally leads to the question "Who are the real TVP's (begging your pardon)?" Several names immediately come to my mind as they will to yours.

On our television screens we meet a gratifyingly large number of people who are above the average in one way or another, but the extraordinary thing is that once you go behind the cameras and meet the people who never appear on the screen, you will find that, with few exceptions, they are real personalities, men and women of exceptional charm, talent, intelligence and, very often, good looks. They are not called television personalities because the public rarely knows them.

Nést Bradney, B.B.C. Press Relations Officer, with husband and children

I would like you to come with me and meet just a few of them chosen at random. Some of the names will be quite unknown to you. As personalities some of them will be unique and others typical. They will all be women, because if these hold responsible television positions we can be certain that they are really out of the ordinary.

If you come with me as a journalist, one of the first women you might meet is Nést Bradney, the B.B.C. Press Relations Officer, whose job is to tell us what is going on at the Corporation.

Nést Bradney is a small cuddly woman who might easily give the wrong impression of plain homeliness. She is married and has three children, John (14), Bernard (7) and the B.B.C.

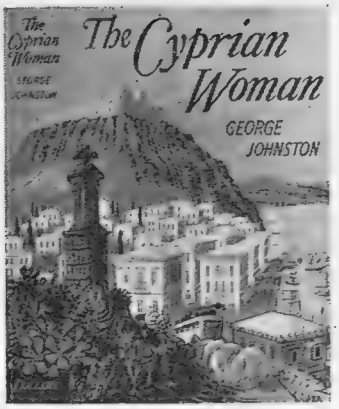
The boys are the joy of her life and her eyes light up when she talks of them. The B.B.C. is her problem child. (*Continued on page* 74).

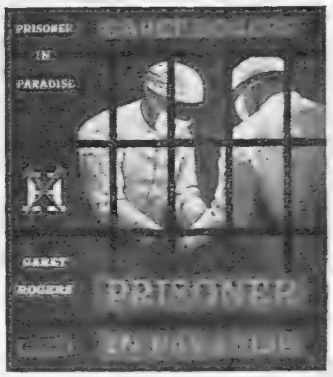
Frontispiece to **"Elinor Glyn,"** a biography by her grandson

OCTOBER READING

by

TREVOR ALLEN





HAVE you ever reflected, Sir or Madam, that there may be hidden treasure as well as fairies at the bottom of your garden? Or are your dreams of wealth focused on football pools? There will, I imagine, be much hopeful digging when Charles Quarrell's **"Buried Treasure"** (MacDonald & Evans, 15s.) gets around, for this infectious enthusiast tells stories of remarkable finds all over Britain and others yet to be made. Tobermory and the Tower of London—where Pepys investigated a report that Col. Barkstead, wealthy jeweller and Tower Lieutenant, had buried a £50,000 hoard before his execution—may be outside your beat, but not the ditches, fields, vaults and old houses where quite casual people have struck gold. Some finds, indiscreetly talked about, have almost caused local riots, the whole neighbourhood hustling up with spades and swag-bags and leaving no stone unturned. I was so fascinated by this expert survey that I'm now casting X-ray eyes on the minute grass-plot in my Kensington backyard and hoping I beat you to it. Good hunting!

Elinor Glyn found treasure—in the hectic tiger-skin clinches of the hero and heroine of *Three Weeks*, the sensation of 1907 which sold nearly two million copies, here and in America, in nine years; five million by 1933; and still sells. What moved her to write it? Evidently her marriage to Essex squire, Clayton Glyn, who had no use for sentiment—though he had for her hard-earned money—and left her to pour all her frustrated romance into diary and novels. When she divulged that Lord Warwick had taken her up the garden path, made love to her and kissed her as the fairest rose of all, didn't he just grin and say, "No. Did he? Good old Brookie!" and go on tying his tie? If you haven't yet read the inside story of this red-headed, green-eyed goddess in **"Elinor Glyn"** (Hutchinson, 18s.) by her grandson, Anthony Glyn, I urge you to do so. She lived a life as eventful as her tales, and furthermore had regal courage, zest, *panache*. An irresistible biography!

As an austerely cultured man and critic Sir Harold Nicolson finds his treasure in civilized manners. In **"Good Behaviour"** (Constable, 21s.) he studies their historical development and the ideal types they produced from ancient Chinese, Greek and Roman times to the age of chivalry, the commonsense eighteenth century, the Victorian cult of

(*Continued on page* 78)

BOOKS ABOUT THEATRE PEOPLE

REMARKABLE in the Rodgers and Hammerstein partnership that gave us *Oklahoma! Carousel, South Pacific* and *The King And I*, is the fact that both had worked with other partners until *Oklahoma!* brought them together, though they had actually collaborated on a song for a students' show at college. Lorenz Hart should have tackled the book and lyrics, but he was ill and tired and wanted a holiday; shortly afterwards he died. Deems Taylor lets us in on the whole backstage story in **"Some Enchanted Evenings"** (MacDonald, 21s.) which will absorb all who enjoyed the plays.

Macready, whom Tennyson called "moral, grave, sublime," was—like many of us—two men, not one. "Out of the theatre he was the affectionate husband and father, the loved and generous friend.... Within the theatre he became intolerably despotic," writes J. C. Trewin in **"Mr. Macready"** (Harrap, 18s.). His quarrel with the U.S. actor Forrest provoked in New York in 1849 the worst theatre riot on record, which had to be quelled by military firing into the mob. So there is plenty of drama, off as well as on, to make this a first-rate biography by a critic whom I rank for brilliance with Ivor Brown.

Novel from a film-actress's pen is **"The Pride Of The Peacock,"** by Ruth Chatterton (left). Tough saga of the Australian road is **"The Shiralee,"** by D'Arcy Niland (right)

By AUDREY DAVENPORT

Illustrated by DOWCETT

The door swung open and a smiling Marc stepped aside to let her pass. "Come in darling! That was wonderful timing. I just got my tie tied"

Consider yourself a BATCHELOR!

MARC stood at the ship's railing and watched the nearing fortress of Dover Castle silhouetted by the morning sun without any sense of excitement. It was the first time this familiar home-coming view had failed him. More passengers crowded to the rail. He turned and went down to the deserted bar, ordered a scotch, and opened the letter again. It was almost falling apart at the folds. He had read it a hundred times since he'd received it in Paris the day before sailing.

"You must consider that you are a bachelor," it said in cool, blue ink. "You are coming home with the telephone number of a girl you used to know, and you'll call her, and perhaps have some dates with her, and perhaps you'll like each other. Perhaps not."

The letter ended on a slightly more promising note: "Yours ever." Yours ever, he thought, was a wonderfully absolute phrase. It was also the one you might use to close a letter to your lawyer, or to your butcher.

The letter was from his wife.

Last Thursday he'd got in from Rome, booked a room at the Lutetia, and phoned the airlines office to see if he could get a plane the next day. He'd decided that he'd been away from Karen long enough and wanted to fly home and surprise her. After he'd made the reservation, he'd gone downstairs and found the letter in his box. He had been so stunned that he'd told the desk to cancel his plane and transfer him to the rail and sea route. Even in the first few minutes he'd known that it would take him more than a day to figure out what had happened.

He had had three days now to think about it. He had thought about it in the bath, at mealtimes and in the small hours of the night, cold sober and under the warming influence of martinis. He could now, at times, think about it quite unemotionally, and list the elements of the case.

Item One: He and Karen had participated in a marriage of four and a half years which had ranged with comfortable regularity from modified boredom to bliss but which had never been, as far as he could remember, unhappy or angry or bitter. She didn't have a single trait that irritated him, and he'd never supposed that there was anything about him that she didn't like.

Item Two: Just before he'd left on this annual trip she'd got a job in a publicity office and said she'd save the money she was earning in case she should happen to produce a baby sometime in the near future. It was a touching thought, there was an aura of bliss around when he'd left, and she'd knitted him a pair of socks to show that she would not forget how to be domestic while she was having a career.

Item Three: All his business along the line had been tangled and the fortnight had extended itself to six weeks. Her letters had been few and sparse, under the pressure of work, she said; his had been long and understanding.

But it wasn't until Thursday morning in the Lutetia that the inconceivable had happened. These past weeks, she'd said coolly, had made a difference. She had discovered for the first time that she was an individual and perhaps their tastes weren't the same any more. It would be bad for them to feel that they were bound to one another. There was no other man, she had emphasized.

And so, he thought, folding the letter and putting it back into his pocket for the last time, I am to call my wife and ask for a date. He saw through the porthole that the ship was coming alongside the pier. He paid the bartender and went to collect his bags. He wouldn't be met because she couldn't get away from her job. She'd been kind enough to say that he could go straight to the flat to see about his things, but he had cabled for a hotel room. He would play her game, he thought grimly, even if he didn't know what the rules were, or quite what stakes they were playing for.

KAREN glanced at the little clock on her desk and felt a tinge of remorse that she had not gone to the dock. It wouldn't have done any harm to meet him, as long as he understood the situation. He would probably phone as soon as he could.

The hands of the little clock moved slowly that day. When no call had come by five she flew home to see if he was waiting for her at the flat.

It was empty and just as she'd left it that morning. She began to grow nervous. She had prepared for his phone call at the office, even for his bursting in there to demand explanations. He must have gone to a hotel. She stared at the silent phone and grew angry. Nothing had gone the way she'd expected.

A month ago, when she had decided that her marriage needed a cool reappraisal, it had seemed a very simple thing to do. With Marc on the other side of the world she had been able to see her idea in the round, as it were, without being distracted by details—details which she now realized, would include the sound of his voice, and her deeply-ingrained habit of responding to all the expressions that could cross his face. But these were the habits she wanted to break!

FOR more than four and a half years she'd been a wife, and very little else, revolving in narrow circles around the small flat, and the whims of the man who shared it with her. Then the job she'd taken as a means of making a little extra money had given her a sense of herself as an independently-functioning individual that she had never had before. She'd been a daughter, and a student, and a wife; all of which were rather dependent, subsidiary things, existing only in terms of their relationship to someone else.

So the accidental circumstances of a trip and a job had done more than give her the freedom to decide for herself where and when to have dinner, and what movie to see; it had given her her first awareness of her uniqueness, her own independent humanness; and the more she became aware of herself, the more she became aware of Marc and wondered who he was—other than a set of habits and conditioned responses.

She wasn't bride-like enough to think that marriage ought to be continually exciting, but she had suddenly realized that most of the time she had been thoroughly bored with Marc, who seemed to do everything in the same way. Karen had begun having dates after he'd left. They were innocent enough—Marc himself had insisted she go out as often as she could so she wouldn't feel lonely—and she found that she was having more fun than she had done in years. She'd begun a game, then, whenever she was sitting in a restaurant or a theatre with another man, she'd ask herself very seriously, would I rather that was Marc sitting next to me? Or would I rather be home with Marc? And too often the answer was no. So thinking that she loved Marc had been just another habit! Instead of feeling sad, the discovery that most of the conditions of her life were just habits that could be easily broken gave her an exhilarating sense of freedom.

She couldn't have put all that in a

He was to call his wife and ask her for a date. So Marc decided to play her game, even if he didn't know what the rules were, or quite what stakes they were playing for

letter. In any case, all she wanted to say was: I don't know how I feel about you, or about living the rest of my life as your wife, and couldn't we, in a calm, friendly way, just find out before we go any further? The letter she had finally sent, after a dozen attempts, didn't say very much at all and so she'd carefully planned the first meeting with him and prepared herself for his reactions—his disbelief, his questions, the love he would shower on her to "bring her to her senses." And in her imagination she'd lived through all the scenes that would grow out of all his reactions and had the defences for each one. The only thing she hadn't imagined was this silence the first day!

It was almost six. She couldn't sit still. She fussed with her hair and repaired her make-up, wandered into the kitchenette and drank a glass of milk, turned on the radio and then turned it off again in case it should drown the sound of the phone.

It was ten past six when it rang.

"Karen?"

"Why, hallo!" The line she had rehearsed came back quickly. "Welcome back! Was it a good crossing?"

"The best I've ever had," he said warming. "Look, I'm awfully sorry I didn't call you sooner, darling, but there was a message from the office as soon as I got in. I've been in conference all afternoon and this is my first chance."

There was always a phone at hand, she knew, before or even during a conference! Pretty blithe of him!

"I just came in the door," she lied carelessly. "Had appointments all over town today, myself."

"Well, how about having a drink with me?" he asked. "I've got to take a shower, so if you could meet me here it would save time."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Commodore. Room 142. Come straight up."

"Okay." She struggled to sound gay and reluctant at the same time and ended on an unnatural, high note. "See you in a little while."

She hung up, a little too fast maybe, and thought wonderingly, what's happened to him! She flew out to the hall, picked her coat off the hanger, and left the flat in a rush. On the street she slowed down, realizing that it would be fatal to get there too fast! The Commodore was only a few streets away, and when he had kept her waiting until six for a phone call, she'd jolly well keep him waiting a while for this drink tonight! She went into Nedick's and ordered a coffee and gulped it down. Only two minutes elapsed! She ordered a fried egg, knowing that she would have to wait for it to be cooked, even if she didn't want to eat it. She picked up a newspaper someone had left and carefully read the foreign news and the stock market reports and the advice to the lovelorn column—carefully read the words, without registering the meaning of a single one.

The high note on which she'd left the flat began to subside and she made herself think of practical things—to arrange for Marc to get what he needed, to advise him about his laundry and a hundred other details that a man with a wife never had to think about. He would be helpless in a hotel room. She felt a stirring of pity but quickly quenched it, because pity would not solve their difficult problem.

AT last it was half an hour from the time he'd called. She paid her check and walked to the Commodore at a normal pace, took the lift to the fourth floor, and walked down the long hall to his room. She knocked.

After a minute the door swung open and a smiling Marc stepped aside to let her pass.

"Come in, darling! That was wonderful timing. Just got my tie tied."

"What a nice tan you've got," she said lightly.

"Nothing to do on the boat but sit in the sun. Cognac all right for you? I brought a bottle back." He went over to a half-empty bottle on the table and poured two drinks. "I opened it earlier today when some people from the office came in," he explained.

She felt the sort of twinge that she realized she shouldn't feel, because on every other return he had saved the bottle to open with her. But things were different.

She looked around curiously and saw, through the open door of the bathroom, a nylon shirt and a row of socks, hanging to dry from the lower rail.

"Doing your laundry already?"

"It's so easy," he laughed. "Better than sending it out and waiting a week for it to come back. It's fun, doing things for myself like this. Makes me feel as if I was back in bachelor digs."

And women think that men are helpless, Karen thought, remembering that a few minutes before she'd been feeling sorry for him.

"I have something for you." He went over to a bag, opened it, and took out four or five packages. "Here." He tossed it over. The other packages he put back in the bag. "For mother and my sister and my secretary," he explained. She wondered what he had got them, but didn't dare to ask. There were a lot of things that she couldn't ask now, she realized. In her package was a scarf of wonderful, rich Italian silk, and a tiny bottle of Guerlain. She stretched out her hand and thanked him with her nicest smile and thought, it's rather fun to flirt with one's husband again!

"Now tell me about your job!" He drew up a chair and she began to tell him, enthusiastically. This part of his home-coming she had planned. She knew what she wanted to tell him about the job, and what it meant to her. But at a certain point her often-rehearsed speech wavered. It was the point where she had wanted to tell him how she felt about being free; free to find out who she was, what she was, other than his wife. But it was a speech that was to have been made against his pleading, his disbelief . . . his grief, even, and there wasn't a trace of any of that in his face. He was interested and enthusiastic about her job. He asked questions and poured her another drink, and eventually glanced at his watch.

"I expected to have dinner with you tonight, darling," he said with real regret in his voice. "We have a lot to talk about. But the boss is leaving for Manchester in the morning and I've got to spend the evening with him. I have to give him my whole report, and it will take half the night, I'm afraid. I'm sorry."

KAREN started to say that she had a date anyway, but abruptly refused to be that obvious. Marc would never believe that she hadn't planned to spend the evening with him.

"I'm sorry too," she said, getting up. "Will you give me a ring in the morning?"

"I'll call you before lunch," he promised. "I'm sorry, darling. You know what it's always like when I get back from one of these trips." He took her arm as she walked to the door, and pressed it lightly against him. Confused, she didn't return the pressure. She said goodbye, smiling, and left swiftly.

She didn't give herself a chance to think until she was halfway home and then her first (*Continued on page 76*)

Yours ever, he thought, was a wonderfully absolute phrase. It was also the one you might use to close a letter to your lawyer, or to your butcher

Here is Britannia and Eve's

8-page section of original designs

for knitting this autumn

Embroidered Classic

The jumper is knitted in stocking-stitch and afterwards embroidered in Swiss darning-stitch

ABBREVIATIONS for all patterns: K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); st.-st., stocking-stitch which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately; tog., together; inc., increase by working twice into the same st., dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; m. 1, make 1 st. by passing wool round on other needle; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; w.fd., wool forward.

MATERIALS.—10 oz. of Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply, Patonised in Black, 2 reels of crochet silk in Silver Grey; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; 5 double-pointed sock needles No. 13. **Measurements:** To fit 34 to 36-in. bust size; length, 22 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in. **Tension:** 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 130 sts. with No. 12 needles, work 4 rows st.-st.

4th row.—P. 1, p. 2 tog., p. to the last 3 sts., p. 2 tog., p. 1. Repeat these 4 rows 13 times (102 sts.).

Continue in st.-st. Work 8 rows. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every 5th row following until there are 140 sts. Proceed straight until work is 13 ins.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (116 sts.). Proceed straight until armhole is 8½ ins.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Leave remaining 44 sts. for back neck border on spare needle.

THE FRONT

Cast on 138 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work and inc. as for back (148 sts.) Proceed straight until work is 14 ins.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Shape Neck.—K. 22, turn. Continue on this set of sts. and inc. 1 st. at beg. of every 6th (p.) row until there are 36 sts. Proceed straight until armhole is 8½ ins. Cast off 6 sts. at shoulder edge on next 6 alternate rows.

Slip 74 sts. at centre of neck on to a stitch-holder, and complete second side to match, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 56 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work in st.-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 5th row until there are 124 sts. Proceed straight until sleeve is 17½ ins.

Shape Top.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. * Work 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. * Repeat from * to * 3 times.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 22 rows. * Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. * Repeat from * to * 3 times. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows and 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 12 sts.

FRONT NECK BORDER

Note : 2nd and 6th rows are worked 1 st. silk, 1 st. wool alternately to end of row. **4th and 8th rows** are worked 1 st. wool, 1 st. silk alternately to end of row.

With No. 13 needles pick up 46 sts. from shoulder to neck along one side, 74 sts. on stitch-holder and 46 sts. along the other side from neck to shoulder (166 sts.).

1st row.—Using wool, p. 80, inc. into next st., p. to end.

2nd row.—K. 42, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 73, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 42. (*Continued on page 42*)

TWEED KNIT
Our Cover Design
INSTRUCTIONS ON PAGE 60

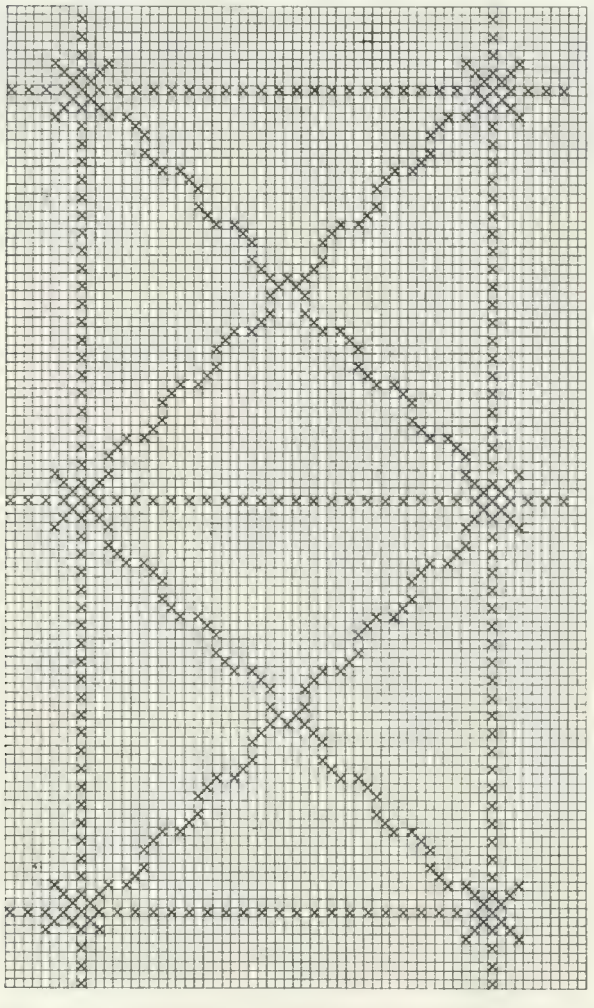
TWEED . . . an attractive fitting sweater, designed in Paris, has the new bold tweed effect. The sweater is knitted in reversed stocking-stitch, but two thicknesses of 2-ply wool are used, in 2 colours, to give the appearance of tweed.

EMBROIDERED CLASSIC

continued from page 41

3rd row.—P. in wool.
4th row.—K. 41, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 71, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 41.
5th row.—P. in wool.
6th row.—K. 40, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 69, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 40.
7th row.—P. in wool.
8th row.—K. 39, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 67, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 39.
9th row.—P. in wool.
10th row.—Using silk, k. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, * repeat from * to * to last st., k. 1. Work 3 rows st.-st. Cast off.
Work 44 sts. for back neck border in same way.

BORDER AT HIP (back and front)
Using No. 12 needles, pick up 138 sts. along front. With p. side facing you, using wool, work 4 rows st.-st.
5th row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, * repeat from * to * to last st., k. 1.
6th row.—P. in wool.
7th row.—* Work 1 st. silk and 1 st. wool alternately.
8th row.—P. in wool.
9th row.—Work 1 st. wool and 1 st. silk alternately.
10th row.—As 8th. * Repeat from * to * once more.
15th row.—Using silk, k. 1, * (*Continued on page 60*)



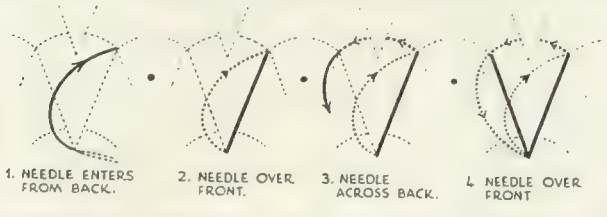


Diagram for embroidery on the sweater at the top. Details for working the stitches are below it

Gimmicks !

PLAID JACKET

MATERIALS.—9 oz. LEE TARGET Motoravia Double Knitting in Emerald, 5 oz. in Black, 5 oz. in Grey, 4 oz. in Yellow, and 3 oz. in Red. 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles and 6 buttons. **Measurements:** To fit a 36 to 38-in. bust; length from shoulder 24 in.; sleeve seam, 15 in. **Tension:** 5½ sts. to 1 in. **Abbreviations:** See page 41. **Special abbreviations:** B, black; G, grey; E, emerald; R, rd; Y, yellow.

Note: Take the garment *pieces* to your wool shop and they will arrange for the brushing. Made up garments cannot be brushed.

THE BACK

Using No. 9 needles and B wool, cast on 128 sts. and work 1 row p. Now work thus :
1st pattern row.—K. 10 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 10 B.
2nd row.—P. 10 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 10 B.
Repeat the last 2 rows 10 times (remembering to twist wools when changing colours).
Using Y wool, work 4 rows in st.-st.
27th row.—K. 10 G, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 E, 3 Y, 10 G.
28th row.—P. 10 G, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 E, 3 Y, 10 G. Repeat the last 2 rows 10 times. Using R wool work 4 rows in st.-st.
53rd row.—K. 10 E, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 E, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 10 E.
54th row.—P. 10 E, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 E, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 E, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 10 E.
Repeat the last 2 rows 10 times. (*Continued on page 64*)

SCARF JUMPER

MATERIALS.—8 (9, 9) oz. of Wendy Nylonette 3-ply. 1 pair of No. 11 and 1 pair of No. 13 knitting needles. **Measurements:** To fit a 34, 36, 38-in. bust. Length, 22½, 22¾ 23 in. **Tension:** 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

Note : Instructions are given for 34-in. bust size, any alterations required for larger sizes are given in brackets, thus : 34 (36, 38).

THE FRONT

* With No. 13 needles cast on 134 (142, 150) sts.
Work 1½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.
Change to No. 11 needles and st.-st. Work 4 rows.
Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and every following 4th row until there are 108 (116, 124) sts.
Work straight until front measures 8 ins. from cast on edge, ending with a p. row.
Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and every following 4th row until there are 130 (138, 146) sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 138 (146, 154) sts. Work 1 row.
Cast on at the beginning of next and following rows, 2 sts. 8 times, 4 sts. 6 times, and 20 sts. 8 times, 338 (346, 354) sts.*
Work 3 (3¼, 3½) inches straight, ending with a p. row.
Shape Neck. Next row.—K. 162 (166, 170) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.
Finish each side separately.
* * Keeping sleeve edge straight, (*Continued on page 64*)

. . . brushed wool for a coat of many colours and

a jumper with scarf to slot through the neckline

Skirts by Wisco. Scarf by Ascher.

This waist-hugging sports sweater is knitted sideways, starting from the left cuff

Autumn Glow

MATERIALS: 26 ozs. of Marshgrove Huski-Knit. 1 pair of No. 7 Stratnoid knitting pins. **Measurements:** To fit a 34 to 36-inch bust. Length, 23 inches. **Tension:** 5 sts. and 6 rows to 1 inch over pattern. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

Commence at cuff. Cast on 48 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Continue in pattern. 1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P.

3rd row.—* Take the needle in front of the 1st st. on left-hand needle and insert it knitwise into the 2nd, K. this st. and leave it on left-hand needle, then k. the 1st st., slip both sts. off the needle tog. ; take the needle behind the 1st st. on left-hand needle and insert it knitwise into the 2nd, k. this st. and leave it on left-hand needle, then k. the 1st st., slip both sts. off the needle tog. ; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—* Insert the needle purlwise into the 2nd st. on left-hand needle and p. it, leave st. on left-hand needle, then p. the 1st st., slip both sts. off the needle tog. ; slip the next 2 sts. purlwise, now slip these 2 sts. back on to the left-hand needle as though to k. them tog., p. these 2 sts., rep. from * to end. These 4 rows form the pattern.

Keeping pattern correct, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 100 sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every (*Continued on page* 63)

Dress with a Sparkle

MATERIALS: 15 ozs. of Wakefield Greenwood's W. G. "Dragonfly" Botany and Multi-coloured Untarnishable Tinsel. No. 12 knitting needles, 10-inch zip fastener, tape to hold in waist. **Measurements:** To fit a 34 to 36-inch bust, 26-inch waist, 36 to 38-inch hip. **Tension:** 11½ rows and 7½ stitches to 1 inch. Machine to be set to give this tension. Always make a tension pattern before beginning a garment. On some machines this tension will be 3¾ (0). **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

Note 1.—The dress is worked in reversed stocking-stitch. (P. 1, row, k. 1 row alternately.)

Note 2.—Paragraphs headed **Hand Knitting** refer to hand-knitting version only ; those headed **Machine Knitting** refer to machine knitting only. All other paragraphs apply to both versions.

The Front

Cast on 160 sts. Work 80 rows reversed st.-st. K. 2 tog. at both ends of next and following 121, 141, 171 and 191 rows. (150 sts.) Dec. 1 st. at both ends of following rows : 271, 276, 281, 286, 291, 296, 300, 306, 311, 316, 320, 326, 330, 368, 374. (120 sts.) Work 10 rows.

Shape Waist.—Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and following : 389, 393, 395, 399, 401, 405, 407, 409, 411, 415, 419, 421 rows. (146 sts.) Continue work straight up to row 462.

Shape Armholes.—K. 2 tog. at (*Continued on page* 63)

Designed for hand or machine knitting—this cocktail dress will never lose its sparkle because it is knitted in a mixture of wool and untarnishable tinsel. Instructions are suitable for most knitting machines and details of various makes are on page 60.

A dream to wear and easy to knit

A quick-stitch bedjacket in 2-ply wool and a delicate feather-light négligée

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. Copley's, 2-ply, "Excelsior" Super Botany Fingering; 1 pair each Nos. 1, 11 and 13 knitting needles and 3 buttons. **Measurements:** To fit a 34 to 38-inch bust. Length, 21 inches. Sleeve seam, 19 inches. **Tension:** 13 sts. on No. 11 needles over k. 2, p. 2 rib *unstretched*. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

Brien Kerley

The back of the bedjacket is in rib except for the lacy border at the neck edge

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 1 needles, cast on 80 sts

1st row.—K. 1, * w.fd., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1. Mark this row as right side of work. Rep. this row until work measures 3¾ ins., ending on a wrong side row.

Change to No. 13 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2¼ ins., ending on a right side row.

Next row.—Rib 5, (inc. by working into front and back of next st., rib 3) 18 times, rib 3 (98 sts.).

Change to No. 1 needles and proceed in pattern until work measures 13½ ins. from beg., ending on a right side row.

Shape Armhole.—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row (90 sts.). Proceed without shaping for 6 ins., ending on a wrong side row. Change to No. 13 needles.

Next row.—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, (k. 2 tog.) 40 times, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) twice (50 sts.). Continue in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1¼ ins., ending at front edge.

Shape Shoulder as follows :

1st row.—Rib to last 16, turn.

2nd row.—Rib to end.

3rd row.—Rib to last 32, turn.

4th row.—Rib to end. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as right, reversing shapings.

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 110 sts.

1st row.—(Right side) K. 2, * p. 2, * k. 2; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 2, * k. 2, p. 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 6 ins., ending on a 2nd row.

Change to No. 11 needles and continue in rib for 10 rows, then inc. 1 st. in first st. and last st. but one, on next and every following 8th row until there are 118 sts.

Proceed without shaping until work measures 13½ ins. from beg., ending on a wrong side row.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (94 sts.).

Proceed without shaping for 6½ ins., ending on a wrong side row.

Next row.—Work 36: Slip remaining sts. on to safety-pin and proceed on 36 sts. for ¾-in., ending at centre edge.

Shape Shoulder as follows :

1st row.—Work to last 12, turn.

2nd row.—Work to end.

3rd row.—Work to last 24, turn.

4th row.—Work to end. Cast off.

Slip 36 from safety-pin on to a No. 11 needle, join wool and complete second side to correspond.

Slip 22 sts. from safety-pin on to a No. 11 needle, join wool and using No. 1 needles proceed in pattern for 14 rows. Cast off, *very* loosely.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 1 needles, cast on 76 sts. Proceed in pattern for 2½ ins., ending on a wrong side row.

Change to No. 13 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2¼ ins., ending on a right side row.

Next row.—Rib 6, (inc. in next st., rib 6) repeat 9 times (86 sts.).

Change to No. 1 needles and proceed in pattern until work measures 19 ins. from beg., ending on a wrong side row.

Shape Top.—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (70 sts.).

Proceed without shaping for 5 ins., ending on a wrong side row.

Change to No. 13 needles and cast off, working 2 tog. whilst casting off.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Join 50 shoulder sts. on fronts to 36 shoulder sts. on back. Join side and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position, gathering fullness at top of sleeve to fit armhole. Stitch edges of collar to edges of ribbing on back and fronts.

Work 3 buttonloops on edge of waist ribbing on right front and stitch 3 buttons on left front to correspond with buttonloops.

Brien Kerley

Négligée designed by Ursula Bloom

Made from straight pieces

MATERIALS.—2 oz. Marriner's Finessa Fine, 2-ply, Shrink-less Botany in Fondant Pink; 1 pair of No. 5 celluloid knitting needles; 1¾ yd. swan's-down trimming; 4 yd. georgette for lining; 2 yd. satin ribbon. **Measurements:** To fit 36 to 42-in. bust, length 48 ins. (excluding edging). **Tension:** 13 sts. and 10 rows to 2 ins. over pattern. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

The négligée is in 5 straight pieces, without shaping. For smaller sizes work fewer patterns (1 pattern equals 24 sts.).

1st row.—* (Sl. 1, k. 2 tog.) 6 times, (m. 1, k. 1) 6 times.* repeat from * to * to end of row. **2nd row.**—K. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. These 4 rows form the pattern.

THE BACK

Cast on 150 sts. Work in pattern for 48 ins. Cast off.

Fronts (2).—Cast on 96. Work as for back. Cast off.

Sleeves (2).—Cast on 96 sts. Work in pattern for 15 ins.

THE EDGING

Cast on 13 sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, (w.fd., k. 2 tog.) twice, w.fd., k. 3. (14 sts.)

2nd and alternate rows.—K.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, (w.fd., k. 2 tog.) twice, w.fd., k. 3. (15 sts.)

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3, (w.fd., k. 2 tog.) twice, w.fd., k. 3. (16 sts.)

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 4, (w.fd., k. 2 tog.) twice, w.fd., k. 3. (17 sts.)

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 5, (w.fd., k. 2 tog.) twice, w.fd., k. 3. (18 sts.)

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 13. (18 sts.)

12th row.—Cast off 5 sts., k. to end.

Repeat these 12 rows of pattern until you have enough to go round the edges allowing 2 ins. extra for front corners.

TO MAKE UP

Using the knitted parts as a pattern, cut out the lining, allowing ½-inch turnings. Make 3 pleats an inch wide at equal intervals along the top of each knitted front. Place pin in centre of neck top of knitted back. Join back and front shoulders, starting from the outside edge and leaving 3½ inches on either side of the pin to form neck opening. Pin centre of sleeves to shoulder seams and join from shoulder down. Set in sleeves and join side seams. Sew knitted lace all round the edge, frilling at front corners at the hem edge.

Make up lining separately in the same way. All outside edges are sewn in shell-stitch. To do this, turn in hem, sew three running stitches and two over the top to form a shell. Tack lining into place, before finally sewing round the fronts and along the shoulders and neck. Sew swan's-down round the cuffs. Make a 2¼-inch loop on either side at waistline, slot through satin sash which is embroidered with tiny sprigs of moss roses and forget-me-nots in coloured silks.

Stripes Ahead

MATERIALS.—1 oz. in White, and 1 oz. in Royal, Sirdar Double Knitting Wool. A set of 4 double-pointed No. 9 knitting needles. **Measurements:** To fit an average head (22 in.). **Abbreviations:** See page 41. **Special Abbreviations:** M1 = raise the running thread which lies between the st. just worked and the following st. and placing this thread on the left-hand needle k. into the back of it; W, white; R, royal blue.

With W cast on 126 sts. and arrange on 3 needles.

1st and 2nd rounds.—P.

Continue in pattern.

1st round.—With R, * sl. 1 purlwise, M1, k. 7, sl. the next 2 sts. as though to k. them tog., sl. the next st. purlwise, pass the 1st 2 slipped sts. over the 3rd, k. 7, M1, repeat from * to end of round.

2nd round.—With R, k. to end but slipping all W sts.

3rd round.—With W, * k. 1, M1, k. 7, sl. the next 2 sts. as though to k. them tog., k. 1, pass the 2 slipped sts. over the k. st., k. 7, M1, repeat from * to end of round.

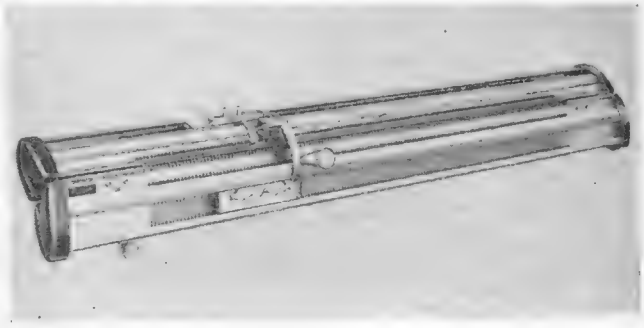
4th round.—With W, k. to end.

Repeat rounds 1 to 4 inclusive 4 times more, and then rounds 1 and 2 once.

23rd round.—With W, * k. 8, sl. the next 2 sts. as though to k. them tog., k. 1, pass the 2 slipped sts. over the k. st., k. 7, repeat from * to end of round.

24th round.—As 4th.

25th round.—With R, * sl. 1 purlwise, M1, k. 6, sl. the next 2 sts. as though to k. them tog., sl. (*Continued on page* 64)



In recent years, the home knitting machine has been gaining popularity. No wonder, its advantages are many.

Speed. In comparison to hand knitting, a garment takes only quarter of the time to complete. Some plain or pattern designs can be made in a matter of hours.

Finish. Garments also have a more professional look because the stitch is kept even throughout.

Simplicity. The most important of all: for the majority of people can learn how to operate a knitting machine after one lesson. Even complicated patterns are easy to follow. It is always advisable to start a new venture with something simple, but an average hand knitter will not find any difficulty in making the cocktail dress (page 45) on a machine.

To help you in your choice, prices and detailed descriptions of various makes—including the Texilia T.V.2, photographed left—are listed on page 60.

Trim Pair

MATERIALS.—2 oz. of Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply. 1 pair of No. 13 knitting needles. **Measurements:** Length from wrist edge to top of third finger, 9 in. (excluding fringe). **Tension:** 11 sts. to 1 in. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

THE RIGHT-HAND GLOVE

Cast on 72 sts. Work 1½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Now shape for thumb, keeping the k. 1, p. 1, rib correct throughout.

1st row.—Rib 40, k. twice into the next 2 sts., rib 30.

Next 3 rows.—Rib to end.

5th row.—Rib 40, k. twice into next st., p. 1, k. 1, k. twice into next st., rib 30.

Next 3 rows.—Rib to end.

9th row.—Rib 40, k. twice into the next st., (k. 1, p. 1) twice, k. twice into next st., rib 30.

Next 3 rows.—Rib to end.

Continue to inc. on every 4th row for the thumb until 18 extra sts. are on the needle.

Rib 1 more row.

Next row.—Rib 60, turn and cast on 3 sts.

Next row.—Rib 23, turn and cast on 3 sts.

Work in rib on these 26 sts. for 2¼ ins.

Shape Top. 1st row.—(Rib 3, k. 3 tog.) 4 times, rib 2. **2nd row.**—(P. 2 tog.) 9 times.

Break off wool.

Thread end through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off.

Sew down side to base of thumb.

With right-hand needle pick up and k. 4 sts. at base of thumb, then rib to end of row.

Continue in rib for 1½ ins., ending with a row on the wrong side.

FIRST FINGER

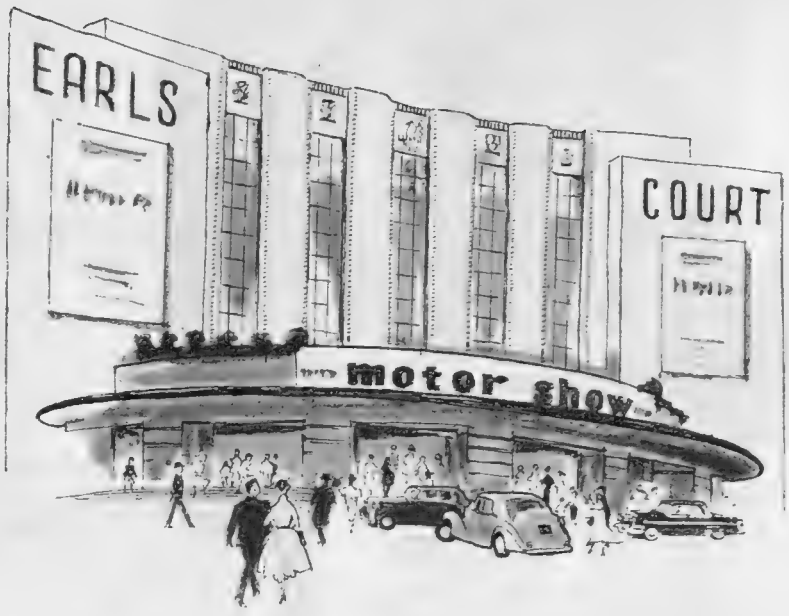
1st row.—Rib 47, turn and cast on 2 sts.

2nd row.—Rib 22, (*Continued on page* 64)

MOTORING...

...BY GWEN ROBYNS

MOTOR SHOW PREVIEW



Triumph T.R.2, occasional four-seater

The surprises of this year's Motor Show, opening on the 19th, are still secret, but here is some early news of promised innovations that will be seen at Earl's Court

I HAVE always thought that all the secrecy that surrounds the Paris fashion shows was due to the Latin temperament. But M. Dior and Co. have nothing on the British car manufacturers. To get details of their new designs in advance of the Motor Show requires an M.I.5 approach.

The reason, of course, is fairly obvious. Sales anyway drop just before the Show and manufacturers reason that prospective buyers would hold off even more if they knew what is just behind the sales counter. More serious still, with Mr. Butler urging more exports, is the effect that might result from earlier disclosures on overseas orders.

With two weeks to go till the Earl's Court " curtain-up," the motoring world is now buzzing with rumour and counter-rumour. All the more so because of frequent reports recently from the Continent of the formidable German competition, especially in Scandinavia and Portugal, to which we ourselves export in a big way.

But if the plans I hear of materialise, it could well be that this year's Motor Show will inject new life into the trade.

One thing is certain: it is going to be a lively and stimulating Show that will be opened on October 19 by Admiral Earl Mountbatten. Over 250,000 square feet have been used this year, as against 247,000 last year. Of the 534 exhibitors, 56 will be in the car section. Apart from our own entries, we shall see 14 models from America, 6 from Germany, 6 from France, 3 from Italy and 1 from Czechoslovakia. The Show is becoming so international that I feel it is only a question of time before we see a Japanese tea ceremony car!

At the exploratory stage three British cars look like being fussed-over debs. Women should make a point of seeing the new Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire with three new refinements especially designed for us—so the manufacturers tell me.

After so much pin-pricking criticism of the British car industry it is like a glass of iced water in the Sahara to find that the Sapphire is the first car in the world to have controlled power steering. Up till now power steering in America is not controlled by the driver and is always in operation. This means *real* finger-weight steering and no more aching arms on long journeys. A small lever on the instrument panel (it is similar to the choke control) enables the driver to switch power on and off at will and to vary the degree of assistance.

The new adjustable ride control will also mean comfier driving for women. By merely turning a small knob in the instrument panel the rear dampers can be instantly adjusted.

In simple terms this means that we shall be able to adapt the springs to a setting suitable to the load we are carrying and to road conditions varying from fast, open roads to cobbled streets.

Third refinement, and one I 'm pleased to see at last, is the power-operated window. (*Continued on page* 80)

MARGARET SHARP

SHOPPING FOR YOU...

Irish linen hand-printed place mats, 16″ x 12″, with napkins *en suite*. Choose between clear yellow with sage-green and white or other colour harmonies including turquoise/pink; grey/red; blue/sand. A set of four costs 29s. 6d. Sets of six can be supplied if preferred. Available at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, London

Tea-cloths which have been contributing their own gaiety to kitchens have a new function—to be informative as well as gay. The chart on this glasscloth gives a guide to the vintage years for wine. From the years 1933 to '51, stars in descending order give a rating for red and white wines in the most popular characters. Price 5s. 9d. each at Harrods, Knightsbridge

An Irish linen table-cloth and matching napkins (*left*) for breakfast or supper depict a charming coloured map of London from Regent's Park to the river and from Knightsbridge to St. Paul's. London scenes are round the border and a guide to bus routes for places of interest. All in vivid colours on white. The napkins show a red-coated sentry at Buckingham Palace. Price £2 9s. 9d. At Harrods

Answer to the worst kitchen chore. A vegetable peeler (*above*) which takes shavings from potatoes and root vegetables. You place the machine containing the vegetables in a bowl of water, turn the handle, and fine peelings pass out of the bottom. A universal plug is supplied, so that the machine can also be used in any sink. Price 69s. 6d. at Harrods and leading ironmongers

Considering new china? Look at the range of Minton ware for lovely traditional designs. This one on the *right*, called Gold Rose, has simplicity enough to match contemporary schemes as well as the graciousness of traditional ones. In white English bone china with fluted edges and a gold border and motifs. The Gold Rose pattern is made in tea, dinner and breakfast ware and you can have coffee and teapots to match. At Harrods and leading Minton agents

Save your good suitcases from defacement by careless handling when you travel with a neat plastic protective slip cover, *left*. Made to fit cases from 22″ upwards. Price £2 15s.

The "hot-rods," *foreground, left below*, pierce the joint and ensure even cooking to the centre. Price 7s. 6d. Above them an aluminium carving dish with spikes to hold the joint steady. Price £1 13s. 9d. Next to it a Carving Grip, price £2 7s. 6d. to impale the meat on while you carve on a board or plate. All at Harrods

New and better version of the kitchen pedal refuse bin. This time in "Fethaware" polythene; easy to clean and hygienic; red or green to match kitchen schemes. A lightweight job minus the usual metal lining which tends to rust and perforate. Price £1 7s. 7d. at Harrods, Knightsbridge

ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

This month, Elizabeth Hay, wife of the well-known horticulturalist, writer and broadcaster on gardening topics, Roy Hay, talks about November work to be done in their own garden and yours

CLEARING FOR ACTION

I FEEL that the autumn months starting with October are full of "Do's." This is probably inevitable as it is the beginning of the gardener's year. Most people have plenty of chores on their own list, but reading through someone else's plan of work is sometimes a help.

The evenings are drawing in, which makes my gardening hours much shorter, as it means that only afternoons are left.

The modern professional gardeners talk a lot about garden hygiene, but the basic principle of this is really to clear away all the decaying leaves and other rubbish that would provide a cosy harbour for pests and diseases through the winter. I did not really appreciate this until I went round the garden with a pest expert and he showed me some of the troubles lying in wait for us another year.

Our borders—and, I am sure, many other people's—have too much colour to start cleaning them in October. Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums and dahlias (if there has not been a sharp frost) do not have to plead very hard to be left to the last bloom; but there are many corners, beds, edges of the shrub border and the vegetable garden that can be thoroughly cleaned before the bad weather sets in. We always start with the intention of doing this as the weather so often becomes impossible at the turn of the year, and we sometimes find ourselves with a back-log of work to cope with when the spring is on us.

Our exception to cutting-down and cleaning up are the herbaceous borders. We do tidy up a bit, pulling up annuals, lifting plants that need protection for the winter and shortening a few dead stems—but although it does not leave the borders looking spick and span, the dead stems do give some protection in bad weather to the young crowns beneath them.

If you have any rearranging to do in your borders, mark the plants with a stake and a label with their names and heights so that when the spring comes you can alter their positions. Whenever I have omitted to do this I have forgotten what was in the border and what I wanted to move, especially if dividing or putting in new plants. I am determined to change over several border plants that have annoyed us during the summer. Only by marking them now shall I remember what they are.

Wallflowers are one of the first spring flowers to plant out, as they need to be well established before the cold arrives. Primulas, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, pansies, foxgloves, sweet williams and many others can be put in as soon as the beds are ready for them.

Have you ever tried polyanthus as house plants? We had about half-a-dozen of different colours in our greenhouse last winter and brought them into the house one or two at a time, where they flowered for about three weeks. I returned them to the greenhouse again to recover and make more heads of flowers; then back they came into the house and I was supplied with flowers for at least four months. A greenhouse is not essential: the plants can be potted or kept in the open or hurried along a little in a cold frame or under a cloche.

If you have tubs that you are not using for perennials such as hydrangeas, box bushes, conifers, etc., put wallflowers or forget-me-nots in them and inter-plant these with daffodils or tulips. For a more than usual massive display, plant them in two layers. Put in the first layer, cover with soil till (*Continued on page* 75)

Decoration by MARGARET KENNEDY

Inches Off!

When you are trying

to slim diet is indispensable

but it is not this alone

that pares off the inches

THE diet charts with which we are constantly assailed leave many of us still struggling to pare off the inches and wondering, dispiritedly, if any of them really work. One hears many stories of defeat: "I tried the so-and-so diet and nothing came of it . . ."; or, "I lost 8 lb., but I can't think where; it hardly showed . . .", are the kind of complaints that reach us here.

Is slimming really such a problem? Not really, but there are some vital factors which would-be slimmers often overlook.

If you embark on a slimming diet strict adherence to the rules is essential. Even the smallest deviation counts. Don't think it doesn't. But if you are meticulous in following a simple non-fat, starch-and-sugar-reduced diet the pounds will melt away.

Just the same, it is disappointing when the scales record a reduction and the mirror shows no spectacular improvement in your shape.

It will, if you don't give up too soon, but in the meanwhile, as a boost to morale, try *measuring* as well as weighing.

Before the diet programme begins, take your measurements and write them down: waist, hips, bust, diaphragm, upper arms, thighs and calves. Check them over as the scales begin to show a reduction in weight, and whereas the loss may not be detectable in general, the tape will tell.

But remember this: stubborn localised fat may need additional aid. Massage (which you can do for yourself by rolling over and over on the floor with your arms and legs held straight) often speeds up the reduction of hip measurements.

Posture, too, must not be forgotten. Though a pound or so of weight may have gone, your mirror may still tell you that you bulge unhappily. So look to your posture. With the tape, measure your waist and diaphragm when you are standing at ease. Then measure them again when you have pulled your diaphragm up, drawn in your tail and your tummy *and* your chin.

If you are holding your weight correctly, the second measurement will be less. This is not a question of weight loss, but weight distribution.

With practice the posture and the silhouette can be much improved, but to help the process a foundation designed for your particular figure type is indispensable.

The better designers have made a long and careful study of figure types and their special needs. Go to a store where there is a trained fitter. It is scarcely possible otherwise to select the style and fit best for your own needs.

Daintifit foundations have a well-deserved reputation for lightness combined with essential support, and there is a wide range to choose from.

Silhouette, too, are makers with long experience in designing for figure problems. If you are long-waisted, short-waisted or disproportionate between hips and waist there will still be a foundation in their varied range to give you comfort and shapeliness.

For effective figure-moulding with exceptional comfort *Alstons* rubber girdles and bras have a unique quality.

These are made-to-measure garments of pure, strong rubber plentifully perforated for coolness, giving close support without bones and "stretch" in all directions. They range from a lightweight roll-on for younger women at 30s. to a high-waisted hook-side model for gently moulding the heavier figure.

This triple alliance of diet, posture and a girdle *will* get the inches off—if there is no cheating about the diet.

Britannia and Eve's

VOGUE

PATTERN SERVICE

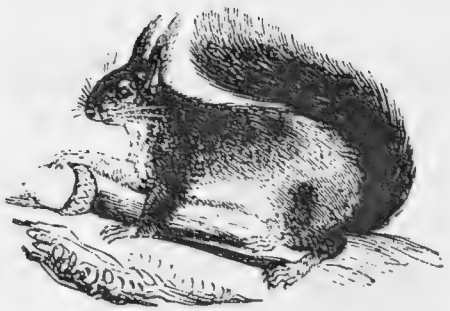
The female fashion-figure alternates between the two basic shapes of hour-glass and tube. Hour-glass, for instance, held sway in the 'nineties; tube was all the rage in the 'twenties. Now we have some of each, but with a strong *penchant* in favour of the tube, especially by day. Topcoats are spare and severe, their vertical lines accentuated by downward rows of buttons, any fullness drawn to the back, leaving the front slim and straight. Make-up is exotic, fabric colours strong and Oriental—all shades of orange, flame, emerald and bright blue. Pale colours are "out" for the winter, with the exception of white, which is undimmed the year round, coruscating alike on beach and ski-run. Here are suit, coat and dress patterns that interpret the Autumn look

Jumper Suit '55

A perfect example (*right*) of the new-style jumper suit, which originated as a knit and now emerges as a *tailleur*. Chic and complete, more figure-fitting than a dress, less formal than a suit, it is reigning triumphant as first favourite in Autumn street wear. The overblouse has a round, bound neckline and bracelet length sleeves: the pleated skirt combines a slim line with ease of movement. The fabric should be light wool—warm but not bulky, and smooth—to pleat well. In our picture it was made in dog-tooth worsted; flannel or lightweight tweed would be equally good. Colours: all the shades of a fallen leaf, from citron, through burning orange, to tawny brown. Accessories: black and white as in the picture. Pattern 8660; 3s. 6d.; in bust sizes 30–36

8660

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information see page 56



The Buttoned-up Look

This page: a new coat with an old pedigree and a lordly name—the Chesterfield. Now, with fanning buttons and low-placed flapped pockets, it assumes the A. The set-in sleeves are narrow and buttoned. Fabrics: this coat was in corduroy. Or choose heavy tweed or flannel. Colours: go for brightness—burnt orange with chestnut brown, crushed strawberry with deeper red accessories. Pattern 8677; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 28–36

Softly fitting coat-dress (*opposite left*) with a belt that can be worn Empire-style under the bust on a slender diaphragm, at the normal waistline by the rest. Choice of above or below-elbow-length sleeves. Fabrics: wool crêpe, fine worsted, Lurex-threaded wool, shantung, faille, surah or taffeta. Colours: sapphire blue with green, emerald with black, red with darker red accessories. Special Designs: S-4622; 5s.; bust sizes 30–36

Here is a dress (*opposite centre*) that will do wonders for the figure: the V-shaped buttoning broadens the shoulders and, with the hip pockets, minimizes the waist. Wide V-neck flatters the throat-line. Sleeves either short or three-quarter. Wear it with a belt or, if you are particularly fashion-conscious, without. Fabrics: flannel, wool crêpe, worsted, shantung, surah, crêpe, wool-and-Lurex. Pattern 8628; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

Demure, straight-up-and-down coat (*far right*) which sums up the neo-1920's look of to-day. Tapers downwards, one pocket with a buttoned tab above. Long, contrast-coloured revers and slim sleeves set into sloped shoulders. Also a short-jacket version. Fabrics: rough, knubbly "snowfall" tweed; alternatively, velour, facecloth, or heavy jersey. Colours: yellows, tawny orange, and brown; or bright sapphire blue. Pattern 8654; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

8677

While the country dies, cities come to life again in the Autumn; people flock back from holidays, dates are made, plans are laid; new things to do demand bright new clothes to wear

Back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information on page 56

One pattern makes several blouses—and two other patterns give you

the choice between a sleek and a full skirt

You must have separates

8668 8663 8205

We show *left* a cap-sleeved blouse which buttons into a backwards-waistcoat. Alternatively, it can be tied instead of buttoned, also made with long, tight sleeves or none at all. Fabrics: taffeta, crêpe, shantung, surah and especially velvet. Easy-to-Make 8663; 2s. 6d.; bust sizes 28–36

Very full evening skirt (*far left*) with deep, inverted pleats all the way round. A wide sash from the side seams ties in a flat bow at the back. Fabrics: taffeta, lace over taffeta, poult or faille. 8668; 2s. 6d.; waist sizes 24–30

Slim skirt (*left*) with side gathers to improve set over hips and emphasize waist. Can be made with narrow belt for day, cummerbund for evening. Fabrics: crêpe, shantung, faccecloth, velvet. Easy-to-Make 8205; 2s. 6d.; waist sizes 24–32. Colours for all: yellow, orange, flame, emerald, sapphire, black—always balancing bright with sombre

8660 8628 8654 8677 S-4622 8205 8668

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—i.e., 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

****Fabric requirements** specified for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below.* Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in. and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page			Yards	Width
8660	3s. 6d.	53	Jumper Suit		3⅛	54 in.
8677	3s. 6d.	54	Chesterfield Coat		3⅝	54 in.
S-4622	5s. 0d.	55	Coat dress		3⅛	54 in.
					4¼	39 in.
8628	3s. 6d.	55	Sheath dress		2⅞	54 in.
					3⅝	39 in.
8654	3s. 6d.	55	Coat		3	54 in.
8663	2s. 6d.	56	Blouse		1	39 in.
8668	2s. 6d.	56	Full Skirt	26 in. Waist size	7⅛	39 in.
8205	2s. 6d.	56	Slim Skirt	26 in. Waist size	1⅞	39 in.

Fashion and Function without fuss...

A well-matched set from the new "English Rose" Corsetry collection, giving perfect control along with the lengthened, easier look . . .

Brassiere No. 0412—A strapless brief, with raised and rounded line, in nylon satin with a new embroidery called *Renaissance* on the cups. Becoming frilled edge and net elastic back. White, black. 32"-38", B cup. *Price about 19/6.*

Girdle No. 0120—High-waisted, with the new unexaggerated, long curves. A skilful reinforcement of diagonally cut elastic, underlining sides and lower back, ensures firm hip control. In a fine American-type nylon leno elastic, with front panel of nylon satin and matching *Renaissance* embroidered voile. White, black, peachbloom, 25"-32". *Price about 79/6.*

For your nearest stockist, write to:—

ENGLISH ROSE CORSETRY LTD., 70-71 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. *Telephone: MAYfair 3571 (5 lines)*

Sugar and Spice

COOKERY

By JANET DARBY

And some very nice things to go in pickle jars

MUCH as I regret the darkening days and falling leaves, the early days of October console me with the promise of appetising relishes to accompany hot and cold meats —and, for that matter, fish as well—throughout the year. For this is my pickling time, and if you care to accompany me on my culinary excursions I shall be delighted. You will need plenty of block salt for brining : plenty of good malt vinegar, a large aluminium saucepan or preserving pan, wooden spoons, glass jars, with parchment or Porosan for covering air-tight.

Brining (1 lb. salt to 1 gallon water) is an essential preliminary to most pickles, the object being to remove excess of water from the fibres of the vegetables or fruits to be pickled. It is this removal of excess water which makes them crisp. Table salt is not suitable for brining, as certain ingredients are added by the manufacturers to make it run freely, and these may make your pickle cloudy. Block salt should be rubbed to a powder before using.

Now let us see what is available for pickling. Damsons and a few late plums, cooking apples and green tomatoes, as well as the last of the red tomatoes; an occasional cucumber, marrows, onions, cauliflowers, mushrooms, and the last of the runner beans. Fine. That will give us piccalilli, clear mixed pickles, pickled damsons or plums, green tomato chutney, the Subadar's chutney (*lovely* with curry !) pickled mushrooms, and an excellent recipe for pickled onions—all flavour and no bite.

PICCALILLI

1 quart mixed vegetables; 1 tablespoon salt; ½ oz. dry mustard; ¼ oz. ground ginger; 3 chillies; ¼ teaspoon turmeric; 1 dessertspoon plain flour; ½ teacup sugar; 1 pint vinegar.

Use such vegetables as cauliflower, marrow, onions, cucumber, green tomatoes and (if liked) beans. Clean, peel and cut up the vegetables before measuring. Place on a large dish, sprinkle with salt and add cold water just to cover. Leave overnight. Next day bring to boil in the same water. Strain, and put drained vegetables into jars. Mix the flour with a little cold vinegar, put the remainder of the vinegar in a large saucepan, together with the remaining ingredients. Bring to the boil, then add the vinegar and flour mixture, stirring until it thickens. Cook for five minutes, then pour over the vegetables in the jars and seal at once.

MIXED CLEAR PICKLES

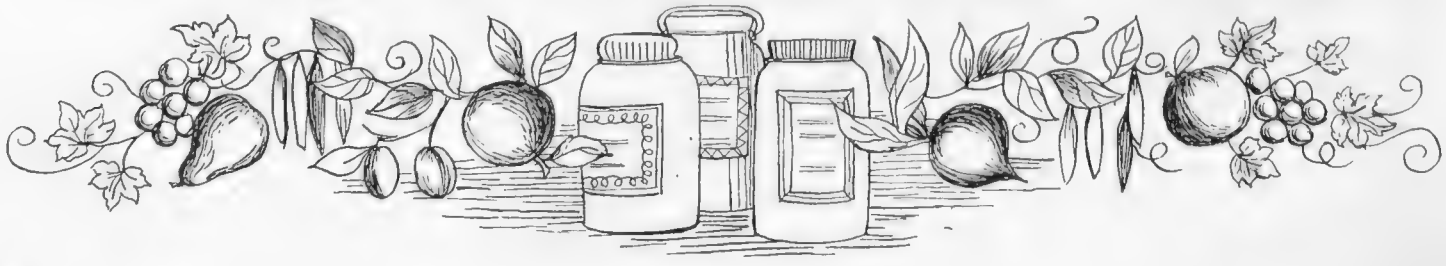
1 lb. green tomatoes; 2 lb. small onions; 1 cauliflower; 1 small firm cabbage; 4 small ridge cucumbers; 1¼ pints vinegar; a little pickling spice; 3 oz. sugar.

Prepare the vegetables, put them on a large dish, and cover with brine. Leave for 24 hours, then drain well. They should be as dry as possible. Pack into jars, and cover with boiling spiced sweet vinegar. Seal at once. You may use white vinegar, for appearance' sake, if you prefer it.

PICKLED DAMSONS OR PLUMS

4 lb. fruit; 1½ lb. sugar; 1 doz. cloves; ¾ pint vinegar; small stick cinnamon.

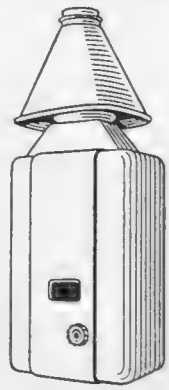
Prick the fruit well. Put with the cloves in a large bowl. Boil the vinegar, sugar and cinnamon together, allowing ten minutes after it comes to the boil, then pour immediately over the fruit in the bowl. Leave overnight. Next day put the mixture into a pan, bring quickly to the boil. Pack at once into warmed jars, making sure that the fruit is well covered with vinegar. Seal at once. (*Continued on page 74*)



I am speaking from personal experience when I say that for instantaneous, never-run-cold hot water for all your household needs, you can't beat gas!

An automatic gas water heater brings piping-hot water into the home—as much as you like, when you like, at the turn of a tap.

There are models available on easy terms at your gas showrooms to suit every taste and fill every need: hot baths in abundance, endless hot water for washing-up, and tap-to-teapot boiling water are all part of the thrifty family service that the wide range of gas water heaters provides.



GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

DETAILS OF KNITTING MACHINES

	Suitable Wools, Cottons, etc.	*Type of Stitches*	*Number of Stitches*	*Price*
KNITMASTER (Model 4500)	1 to 4-ply, double knitting, silk, cotton, etc.	Stocking-stitch, intricate patterns, elasticated knitting. Ribbing with hand tool or automatic attachment.	169	£22 17s. 6d.
TEXILIA T.V.2 (Twin Bed Machine)	All types.	Stocking-stitch, ribbing, wide range of fancy stitches.	294	45 gns.
REGINA (Model 11)	All types.	Stocking-stitch. Garter-stitch. Wide variety of intricate patterns.	142	£23
TRICO-FIX (Standard Model)	1 to 4-ply double knitting, Angora, Cashmere, silk etc.	Stocking-stitch. Fair Isle, variety of fancy stitches.	161	£28
RECORD (Easy Tension Model)	All types.	Stocking-stitch. Garter-stitch. Ribbing and patterns with a hand tool.	140	£24
RAPIDE	All types.	Stocking-stitch. Garter-stitch. Ribbing and patterns with a hand tool.	157	£28 10s.

If a knitting machine is not within your budget, you will find that a Rota-Pin—Junior Model with 80 sts. priced 10s. 9d. or Standard Model with 160 sts. priced £1—is a valuable time-saver.

TWEED

MATERIALS.—4 (5, 5) ozs. of Wakefield Greenwood's W. G. "Springtime" All Wool Super Botany Fingering 2-ply in Black. 4 (5, 5) ozs. of Wakefield Greenwood's W. G. Luxury "Nylaness," Pure Nylon Knitting 2-ply in Wedgwood Blue. 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles. A 6-in. zip fastener. **Measurements:** To fit a 34, 36, 38-in. bust. Length from shoulder, 22¼, 22½, 22¾-ins. Sleeve seam, all sizes, 5 ins. **Tension:** 7 sts. and 9½ rows to 1 in., using 1 strand each of Wool and Nylaness. **Abbreviations:** See page 41.

Note.—Instructions are given for 34-in. bust size, any alterations required for larger sizes are given in brackets, thus : 34 (36, 38).

THE FRONT

*With No. 11 needles and using 1 strand each of Wool and Nylaness, cast on 118 (126, 134) sts.

Work 1½ ins. in reverse st.-st. (P. 1 row, k. 1 row).

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in reverse st.-st.

Work until front measures 3 ins. from cast on edge, ending with a k. row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 94 (102, 110) sts. left. Work 3 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles. Work 1½ ins., ending with a k. row.

Change to No. 10 needles. Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 122 (130, 138) sts.

Work straight until front measures 16½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with a k. row.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and then dec. 1 st. at the beginning of every row until there are 98 (102, 106) sts. left.*

Work without further shaping until armholes measure 7¼ (7½, 7¾) ins. from the beginning measured straight, ending with a k. row.

Divide for Neck. Next row.—P. 49 (51, 53) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle. **Finish each side separately.**

Work 1 row.

** **Shape Shoulder.**—Keeping neck edge straight, cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at shoulder edge, 7 (8, 8) sts. once, 7 (7, 8) sts. once and 7 sts. twice.

Work back to shoulder edge. Continue on the remaining 21 (22, 23) sts. as follows :

1st row.—K. 2 tog., work to end.

2nd row.—Work to end.

3rd row.—As 1st.

Work 2 rows, ending at neck edge.

6th row.—Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts., work to end.

7th row.—K. 2 tog., work to end.

8th row.—Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

9th row.—Work to end.

10th row.—As 8th.

11th row.—As 7th.

12th row.—As 8th.

13th row.—Work to end.

14th row.—As 8th. Cast off remaining 3 sts.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. at neck edge. Work 3 rows, ending at armhole edge.

Repeat as for 1st side from ** to end.

THE BACK

Work as for front from * to *.

Continue as follows : Work without further shaping until armholes measure 3½ (3¾, 4) ins. from the beginning measured straight, ending with a k. row.

Divide for Back Opening. Next row.—P. 49 (51, 53) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Finish each side separately.

** Work straight until armhole measures same as that of front, end at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Keeping opening edge straight, cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows, 7 (8, 8) sts. once, 7 (7, 8) sts. once, and 7 sts. twice. Work back to shoulder edge.

Continue on the remaining 21 (22, 23) sts.:

1st row.—K. 2 tog., work to end.

2nd row.—Work to end.

3rd row.—As 1st.

4th to 6th rows inclusive.—Work to end.

Repeat 3rd to 6th rows inclusive twice more. Cast off the remaining 17 (18, 19) sts.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. at opening edge, and repeat as for 1st side from ** to end.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles and using 1 strand each of Wool and Nylaness, cast on 76 (80, 84) sts.

Work 1 in. in reverse st.-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in reverse st.-st.

Work until sleeve measures 2 ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a k. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 92 (96, 100) sts.

Work straight until sleeve measures 6 ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a k. row.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows and then dec. 1 st. at the beginning of every row until there are 44 sts. left.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 10 rows. Cast off the remaining 24 sts.

THE COLLAR FACING (two)

With No. 11 needles and using 1 strand each of Wool and Nylaness, cast on 14 sts.

Work 5¼ (5½, 5¾) ins. in reverse st.-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately on the wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Using a narrow backstitch, sew side, shoulder, collar and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Make a 1½ in. hem at bottom edge, and a 1 in. hem at sleeve edges, and slip st. on the wrong side. Face collar. Sew zip fastener at back opening. Press seams.

END

Embroidered Classic

(*Continued from page 42*)

k. 2 tog., m. 1, * repeat from * to * to end. Work 4 rows st.-st. Cast off loosely.

Work border for back in same way.

SLEEVE BORDERS

Using No. 12 needles, pick up all sts. round cuff. Work border as for hip, but beg. at 7th row. Work until row 15 is finished, then work 4 rows st.-st. in wool. Cast off.

Embroidery.—Insert needle from the back into centre of st. Follow st. along its right side and passing the thread through top, down its left side so that you come back from where you started. (See diagram.)

Mark centre of front of garment and first work the vertical lines, making st. into every other st. Then work horizontal lines, and, lastly, diagonal groups of 3 sts. (See chart.) Work back and sleeves in the same way.

MAKING UP

Press each piece under a damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Then make darts ½-in. below each armhole on front of jumper. The darts are 4 ins. long. Join side and shoulder seams and the neck front border to the border on top of the back. Fold borders where the holes are worked which now will form a picot edging and sew on inside. Join sleeve seams and put in sleeves. Press open all seams.

END

Very special chocolates

For special occasions you can buy no finer chocolate assortment than Cadbury's Continental. A pound box costs half a guinea.

Cadburys

CONTINENTAL

Harvest Home Supper

With autumn winds to whip up their appetites, your family will welcome these delicious meat-and-vegetable Stork puddings. They're a warm and filling delight. Try them today!

Puddings

½ lb. self-raising flour; 2 heaped teaspoons baking powder; pinch of salt; 4 oz. Stork Margarine; 4 tablespoons water.

Fillings

A. Chopped raw meat, thick brown gravy or tomato sauce, seasoning and vegetables.
or B. Partly cooked sausages sliced, chopped bacon, cubed potatoes, chopped parsley, seasoning and brown gravy.
or C. Layers of chopped ham, sliced tomatoes, chopped onions, sliced hard-boiled eggs, seasoning and thin gravy.

Sieve flour, baking powder and salt together. Rub in Stork. Mix to dough with water. Roll out two-thirds of dough and line 4 or 5 small greased pudding basins containing rounds of greaseproof paper at the bottom. Add filling. Roll out remaining pastry to cover. Seal edges and cover each pudding with greaseproof paper. Cooked meat: steam for 35 - 45 mins. Uncooked meat: steam for 1-1½ hrs. For one large pudding: with cooked meat, steam for 1½ - 2 hrs: with uncooked meat, steam for 2 - 2½ hrs. Serve with brown gravy or hot tomato sauce, or sieved vegetable purée and mixed vegetables.

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

CUT OUT AND KEEP THESE AUTUMN RECIPES THEY'LL BE A DELICIOUS STANDBY ALL THROUGH THE WINTER MONTHS

Sweet Sauce Medley

Something to sing about! A medley of hot, rich sauces combine with these individual Stork sponges to make a delicious treat on chilly days. Try your favourite medley today!

Sponges

4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 rounded teaspoon ground ginger (or grated nutmeg or mixed spice); 3 oz. Stork Margarine; 3 oz. castor sugar; 2 eggs; grated orange or lemon rind (or 2 oz. melted chocolate or 1 heaped dessertspoonful blended cocoa); colouring (optional).

Sauces

Serve with hot jam, varying the colour for each pudding: raspberry, strawberry, apricot or greengage, or hot lemon or orange curd, or syrup, or chocolate sauce.

Sieve flour and ginger (or alternative). Cream Stork and sugar. Beat in grated lemon rind (or alternative, or colouring if used). Beat in eggs, one at a time, adding a little flour with the second. Fold in remaining flour. Put into 4 or 5 small greased pudding basins lined with greaseproof paper. Steam for 30 - 40 mins. Note: if one large sponge is made, steam for 1½ hrs. Serve with hot sauce.
N.B. Infinite variety can be achieved by combining different flavours, colours and sauces, see illustration for some interesting colour combinations.

Stork Margarine Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

JSC 425-692

Dress With A Sparkle

(*Continued from page 45*)

both ends of next and following : 469, 475, 481, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 494, 497, 499, 501, 503 rows. (118 sts.)

THE NECK

Hand Knitting: 506th row.—P. 46, cast off 26 sts., p. 46. **507th row.**—K. 46, turn. Continue on this set of sts. **508th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end. Rep. these 2 rows six times. (39 sts.) Work straight to row 564.

565th row.—Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and every alternate row 3 times. Cast off remaining 3 sts. Join wool to inner edge of remaining sts., and complete second side of back to correspond, reversing shapings.

Machine Knitting: 507th row.—Slip 26 sts. at centre of neck on stitch-holder. Using a 2nd ball of wool work both shoulders at the same time.

508th row.—Work across. **509th row.**—Put 46th st. on 45th (last st. of right shoulder, neck end) and 1st on 2nd st. of left shoulder. Work across.

510th row.—Work across. Rep. the last 2 rows 6 times. (39 sts.) Work straight to row 564. Shape shoulders as for hand knitting.

THE BACK

Cast on 170 sts. Work as front up to row 462. (156 sts.) Continue straight to row 474.

Hand Knitting: 475th row.—K. 2 tog. *twice* at both ends of this and every alternate row 7 times. (124 sts.) Work straight to row 505. Shape neck :

506th row.—P. 47, cast off 30, p. 47.

507th row.—K. **508th row** : P. 2 tog., p. to end. Rep. these 2 rows 7 times. Work straight to row 564. Cast off as for front. Work second side to match reversing shapings.

Machine Knitting: 475th row.—Cast off 2 sts. at both ends of this and every alternate row 7 times as follows : Place 1st st. over 2nd and pull up latchet needle, k. this st., place it on to 3rd and k. it. Take the 146th st. and place on 145th and k., place 145th on 144th and k., work across. (124 sts.) Work straight to row 506. Shape neck :

507th row.—Slip 30 sts. at centre of neck on to stitch-holder. Using a 2nd ball of wool work both shoulders at the same time. Now work across the 47 sts. at the beg. and end of the row. **508th row.**—Work across.

509th row.—Put 47th on 46th st. (last st. of right shoulder, neck end) and 1st st. on 2nd st. of left shoulder, k. across.

510th row.—Work across. Rep. last two rows 7 times. Continue as for front.

SLEEVES

Cast on 80 sts. Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of 10th and 11th row 11 times. (102 sts.)

Shape Armhole.—The dec. at the armhole are different on each side, which gives the sleeve a perfect fit.

Hand Knitting: 111th row.—K. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Repeat every alternate row 4 times.

121st row.—Cast off 1 st., k. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. **122nd row.**—Cast off 1 st., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Rep. these two rows including row 129.

130th row.—Cast off 1 st., p. to the end.

131st row.—Cast off 1 st., k. to the end. Rep. these two rows until you come to the **160th row.**—Cast off 1 st., p. to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Rep. this row 13 times, knitting in the k. rows. **175th row.**—Cast off 21 sts. Work 2nd sleeve in same way to armhole shaping, then cast off in reverse.

Machine Knitting: 112th row.—K. 2 tog., k. to the end. Work rows 114, 116, 118 and 120 in the same way. **121st row.**—Put 1st on 2nd st. and last on last but 1 st. Work across. Rep. this row 8 times. **130th row.**—Cast off 1 st. Work to end. Rep. this row until you come to the 160th row which is worked like 121. Rep. this row 13 times. **174th row.**—Work across. **175th row.**—Cast off 21 sts. Work 2nd sleeve in the same way to the armhole shaping, then cast off in reverse.

MAKING UP

Press on the k. side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Dart the waist both back and front. Measure 3½ ins. from waist edge on both sides of each, back and front. Mark 3 ins. up and 3 ins. down and shape darts to be 1 in. wide at the waist, tapering up and down. On the front of the dress measure 2 ins. below the decreasing for the armhole and make a dart each side 1 in. wide and 2½ ins. long in a slanting direction.

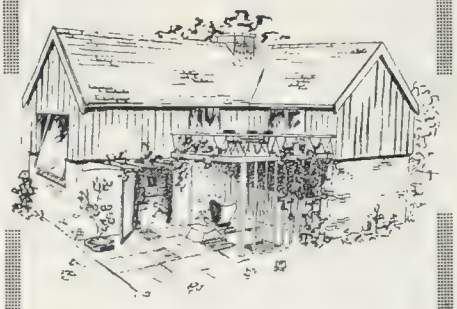
Allow ¼-in. for turning in at seams. Join shoulder and side seams, using either a sewing machine or small back stitches. On the left side leave an opening to insert the zip fastener. Sew up sleeve seams, again allowing ¼-in. for turning in. Pin in sleeves, being careful to put front to front and back to back. Sew them in. Turn up a ½-in. hem at the bottom of the skirt. Turn in sleeve edges ¼ in. and sew lightly on inside. Turn in the neck edge for about ½-in., rounding the corners to give a good shape. Sew in zip fastener and fit tape inside the waist line to keep shapely.

END

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

Six pages, some in full colour, of original gifts to make for your friends and family. See this interesting feature and solve your gift problems while there is still time to make your own. Easy working instructions given



HOUSES THAT GROW

William Hardy L.R.I.B.A., has designed four houses for BRITANNIA AND EVE which can be built to an initial plan and extended as means and needs dictate. Eight pages of interesting pictures and plans

WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY

It is already time to make plans and bookings if you contemplate a ski-ing holiday this winter. Articles and pictures in next month's six-page Winter Sports Section offer suggestions on where to go, what to wear and the cost of it all

BUYING A FUR COAT

is an important investment. Enough to justify brushing up your facts about the potentialities of skins best for your own taste and needs, what they cost and how they wear. A well-known fur expert writes for us on making your fur investment wisely and well

ALSO BRITANNIA AND EVE'S "Vogue" pattern service. Stories by Margaret Campbell Barnes; David Langston Bolt; Susan Muir and Margaret Hammel

Autumn Glow

(*Continued from page 45*)

alternate row until there are 112 sts., ending with the 1st pattern row.

Divide for neck.—Cast on 4 sts., work until there are 60 sts. on needle, turn, leaving remaining 56 sts. on spare needle for the front.

Continue on these 60 sts. for back.

Next row.—Work to end. Keeping neck edge straight, cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows 5 times. (80 sts.)

Work 1 row. (1st pattern row.)

Break wool and leave 80 sts. on spare needle.

Commence lower part of back.—Cast on 12 sts. Work in pattern. Work 2 rows.

Cast on 6 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows 4 times, ending with the 1st pattern row. (36 sts.)

Next row.—Work to end, and then work across 80 sts. left on spare needle for back. (116 sts.) Continue over all the sts. Work 88 rows, ending with the 2nd pattern row.

Next row.—Work 80 sts., turn, leaving remaining 36 sts. on spare needle. Now keeping neck edge straight, cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows, 6 times, ending with the 2nd pattern row. Break wool and leave 56 sts. on spare needle.

Rejoin wool to the 36 sts. left on spare needle. Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows 4 times. (12 sts.) Work 1 row. Cast off.

Commence lower part of front.—Cast on 12 sts. Work in pattern. Work 1 row.

Cast on 6 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows 4 times. (36 sts.)

Work 1 row. (1st pattern row.) Break wool and leave 36 sts. on spare needle.

Rejoin wool to 56 sts. left for front, work to end of row.

Keeping neck edge straight, cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows 6 times, ending with the 1st pattern row. (80 sts.)

Next row.—Work to end, and then work across 36 sts. on spare needle. (116 sts.)

Continue over all the sts. Work 88 rows, ending with the 2nd pattern row.

Next row.—Work 36 sts., turn, leaving remaining 80 sts. on spare needle.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of next and alternate rows 4 times. (12 sts.) Cast off.

Rejoin wool to the 80 sts.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of next and alternate rows 6 times. (56 sts.)

Work 1 row. (2nd pattern row.)

Now slip all the 56 sts. for back and 56 sts. for front on to one needle. (112 sts.)

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 98 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 48 sts.

Work 3 rows. Now continue in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Cast off loosely in rib.

THE YOKE AND COLLAR

Cast on 94 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Work 1 row. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of next 12 rows. (58 sts.) Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until there are 44 sts.

Work 14 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

Work 1 more piece in the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and undersleeve seams, overstitching cuff ribbing and backstitching remainder.

Sew cast-on edge of yoke pieces to straight edges of neck. Join side edges of yoke and collar using a narrow backstitch. Fold the 14 rows straight on to wrong side and slip-st. neatly. Press.

END

Plaid Jacket

(*Continued from page 42*)

Using Y work 4 rows in st.-st.
79th row.—As 1st row.
80th row.—As 2nd row.
Repeat the last 2 rows 10 times.
Using R work 4 rows in st.-st.
105th row.—As 27th row.
106th row.—As 28th row.
Repeat last 2 rows twice.

Shape Armholes.—Keeping continuity of stripes dec. 1 st. at each end of next and following alternate rows until 108 sts. remain then dec. at each end of every following 4th row until 102 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without further shaping for 15 rows more, thus 4 rows in st.-st. in red have been worked. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and B wool, cast on 65 sts. and p. 1 row. Work as follows:

1st pattern row.—K. 10 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 10 B.

2nd row.—P. 10 B, 3 Y, 18G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 10 G. Repeat last 2 rows 10 times.

Using Y wool work 4 rows in st.-st.

Now continue in pattern to match back until armhole shaping is reached (109 rows) thus ending at side edge, but making a buttonhole in the 29th and 30th rows of pattern, then 4 more buttonholes with 26 rows between each.

To Make a Buttonhole.—With right side facing, pattern 6 sts., cast off 2 sts., pattern to end.

Next row.—Pattern casting on 2 sts. over those cast off in previous row.

Shape Armhole.—Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every following alternate row until 55 sts. remain, then at same edge on every following 4th row until 52 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until front measures same as back. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and B wool, cast on 65 sts., and work 1 row p. Work as follows:

1st pattern row.—K. 10 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 10 G.

2nd row.—P. 10 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 10 B. Now continue to match right front omitting buttonholes and working 110 rows before shaping armhole.

THE LEFT SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and B wool, cast on 66 sts., p. one row.

1st pattern row.—K. 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R.

2nd row.—P. 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y.

Continue in pattern as for back but at the same time inc. at each end of 9th and every following 10th row until there are 86 sts., continue without further shaping until 110 rows have been worked.

Shape Top.—Dec. at each end of next and every following 3rd row until 70 sts. remain then dec. each end of every following alternate row until 58 sts. remain. Cast off 5 sts., at beg. of next 8 rows. (18 sts.) Cast off.

THE RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and B wool cast on 66 sts. p. 1 row.

1st pattern row.—K. 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y, 18 B, 3 R, 18 G, 3 Y.

2nd row.—P. 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R, 18 B, 3 Y, 18 G, 3 R. Continue in pattern to match left sleeve. Now have the pieces brushed.

BACK YOKE

With right side of back facing, using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 96 sts. at top edge of garment, missing 1 st. in every 17. Work 12 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows (36 sts.). Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT YOKE

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 52 sts. along top edge of front, then work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 7 rows (but making a buttonhole when working the 4th and 5th rows) thus ending at front edge. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge on every row until 34 sts. remain.

Next row.—Cast off 10 sts. pattern to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., pattern to end.

Rep. last 2 rows (10 sts.). Cast off.

LEFT FRONT YOKE

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 52 sts. along top edge of front then work 8 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, thus ending at neck edge. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row. Now complete to match right front yoke.

LOWER EDGE OF BACK

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 128 sts. along lower edge of back and work in st.-st. for 1 in. Cast off.

LOWER EDGE OF FRONTS (both alike)

Using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 65 sts. along lower edge of front and work in st.-st. for 1 in. Cast off.

SLEEVE FACINGS

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 66 sts. along lower edge of sleeve and work 1 in. in st.-st. Cast off.

FRONT FACINGS (both alike)

Using No. 11 needles and E wool, pick up and k. 95 sts. evenly along front edge between neck shaping and 1 in. above cast on edge of garment, work 1 in. in st.-st. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles and E wool, cast on 85 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib (second row will begin and end with p. 1) for 1½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and work a further 2 ins., k. 1 row. Then continue in k. 1, p. 1 rib for a further 2 ins., change to No. 11 needles and work 1½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and side seams. Join sleeve seams and insert sleeves. Turn back the st.-st. at lower edge of garment and sl.-st. on to wrong side. Make a hem in same way on lower edge of sleeves. Turn back front facings and sl.-st. on wrong side, edge of facing to edge of buttonholes. Fold collar in half and stitch the short edges on wrong side, then stitch one long side of collar to neck, beginning and ending ½-in. from front edge, turn collar to right side and stitch other long side to neck. Sew on buttons.

END

Scarf Jumper

(*Continued from page 42*)

cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at neck edge, 4 sts. twice, and 2 sts. 8 times, ending at sleeve edge 138 (142, 146) sts.

Shape Top Sleeve. 1st row.—Cast off 13 (15, 17) sts., work to end.

2nd row.—K. 2 tog. work to end.

3rd row.—Cast off 9 sts. work to end. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 4 times more.

12th row.—Work to end.
13th row.—As 3rd.
14th row.—As 2nd.

15th row.—As 3rd. Repeat the 12th to the 15th rows inclusive twice more.

24th row.—Work to end.

25th row.—Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts. Work to end. **26th row.**—Work to end. Cast off the remaining 9 (10, 11) sts.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. at neck edge, cast off the centre 14 sts. work to end. Work back to neck edge.

Work as for 1st side from ** to end.

THE BACK

Work as for front from * to *.

Continue as follows: Work straight until sleeve edges measure the same as those of front, ending with a p. row.

Shape Top Sleeves.—Cast off 13 (15, 17) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and 9 sts. at the beginning of the following 6 rows.

Shape Neck. 1st row.—Cast off 9 sts., work until there are 105 (107, 109) sts. on the needle, turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

** **2nd row.**—Cast off 6 sts. work to end.

3rd row.—Cast off 9 sts., work to end.

4th row.—Cast off 4 sts., work to end.

5th row.—Cast off 9 sts., work to end.

6th row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end. Rep. the 5th and 6th rows 5 times more.

17th row.—Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts., work to end.

18th row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end. Cast off the remaining 9 (10, 11) sts.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. at neck edge, cast off the centre 30 sts., work to end.

Next row.—Cast off 9 sts. work to end. Work as for 1st side from ** to end.

THE CUFFS

Press each piece separately on the wrong side with hot iron and damp cloth.

Using a narrow backstitch, sew shoulder and top sleeve seams. Now with No. 13 needles and right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 76 (80, 84) sts. from each sleeve edge. Work 1½ ins. k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Cast off loosely in rib.

THE NECK BORDER

With No. 13 needles cast on 204 sts. Work 1½ ins. k. 1, p. 1, rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and undersleeve seams; overstitching ribbing, and backstiching remainder.

Overstitch narrow edges of neck border neatly together.

Sew neck border to neck edge, with seam at right shoulder, and leaving a slot 1 in. long on each side of centre front, 2 ins. apart. Buttonhole-stitch round slots. Press seams.

END

Trim Pair

(*Continued from page 48*)

turn and cast on 2 sts.

Work in rib on these 24 sts. for 2¾ ins.

Shape Top. 1st row.—(Rib 3, k. 3 tog.) 4 times.

2nd row.—(P. 2 tog.) 8 times. Break off, and complete as given for thumb.

Second Finger.—With right-hand needle pick up and k. 2 sts. at base of 1st finger.

1st row.—Rib 9, turn and cast on 2 sts.

2nd row.—Rib 22, turn and cast on 2 sts. Work in rib on these 24 sts. for 3 ins.

Shape top as for 1st finger. Break off and complete as given for thumb.

Third Finger.—With right-hand needle pick up and k. 2 sts. at base of 2nd finger.

1st row.—Rib 8, turn and cast on 2 sts.

2nd row.—Rib 20, turn and cast on 2 sts. Work in rib on these 22 sts. for 2¾ ins.

Shape Top. 1st row.—(Rib 3, k. 3 tog.) 3 times, rib 4. **2nd row.**—(P. 2 tog.) 8 times. Break off and complete as given for thumb.

Fourth Finger.—With right-hand needle pick up and k. 2 sts. at base of 3rd finger, rib to end. Work in rib for 2¼ ins.

Shape top and complete as for 3rd finger, then sew down side of hand.

THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE

Work as for right, but start the thumb shaping after the first 30 sts. instead of the first 40 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with hot iron and damp cloth.

Now using 4 strands of wool 4 ins. long, work fringe round wrist, and for 2½ ins. along side edge as illustration.

END

Stripes Ahead

(*Continued from page 48*)

the next st. purlwise, pass the 1st 2 slipped sts. over the 3rd, k. 6, M1, repeat from * to end of round. **26th round.**—As 2nd.

27th round.—As 3rd, but knitting 6 instead of 7 sts.

28th round.—As 4th.
29th round.—As 25th.
30th round.—As 2nd.

31st round.—With W, * k. 7, sl. the next 2 sts. as though to k. them tog., k. 1, pass the 2 slipped sts. over the k. st., k. 6, repeat from * to end of round.

32nd round.—As 4th.

33rd round.—As 25th, but knitting 5 instead of 6 sts. **34th round.**—As 2nd.

Continue decreasing in this way (i.e. omitting the made sts.), in the next round, and then in the 1st round of every W stripe until there is 1 k. st. only left in each panel.

Work 1 round.

Now using W, work 1 more dec. round.

Break wool, thread end through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off.

Press with hot iron and damp cloth.

END

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Warm winter line-up, left to right:

Flower-embroidered ribbon decorates this nightdress of cotton and wool mixture. Style 533, sizes 34″ to 44″ from **69/11.**

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Nightdress of cotton and wool mixture trimmed with braid and hemstitching. Style 532, sizes 34″ to 40″ from **59/11.**

Scallop-trimmed, pin-dotted nightdress of cotton and wool mixture. Style 531, sizes 34″ to 40″ from **69/11.**

COSY NIGHTDRESSES AND PYJAMAS BY

KAYSER BONDOR

Faithful In My Fashion (*Continued from page 12*)

But she had shaken Babette's hand from her arm and said, "Leave me alone. How dare you talk to me? How dare you tell me how to behave?"

And Babette had answered, "I dare because I can see if I don't that you're going to throw away something so precious that when you've woken up to what you've done, it'll kill you. You *must* understand. He *loves* you. He always will love you. And he'll always want 'romance.' Either you'll come down off your perch and accept him as he is —or you'll lose him for good."

Forty-eight year old Anna Graham smiled to herself as she saw those two tense young figures under the olive trees. Poor Babette! She had been dead for some years now, but she had had her happiness with Pierre, the man she had married.

And what she had said had come true. She, Anna, had gone back to Paul because to live without him was no life at all, and though the pain and humiliation cut like a knife, she knew that there was nothing else she could do.

And Paul? For a year he had been afraid to let her out of his sight. In fact, towards the end of the year she had been able to smile a little at Babette's dramatization of him. And by then, too, there was something far more important to think about for now there was a child coming.

Would it have made any difference to their lives if the baby had lived? Who could tell? The baby had not lived, and she herself had almost died, too. And when finally, she was well again, they had told her that she must never have another baby.

How gentle Paul had been to her then! How careful of her! And strangely, or perhaps not strangely, their shared sorrow had wiped out the last memory of that night in France.

When she was strong enough to run the house Paul took up his work again, and she laid the baby clothes in a drawer between pieces of tissue-paper, and she polished and cooked and washed and ironed as she had done when they were first married.

Another year passed, and then, with no warning, the whole thing happened again.

PAUL was "in love." She knew it almost before he did, sensed it with some sixth sense. The girl was ugly, but attractive, and although this time she was no witness to stolen kisses, she went through the same conflict, the same anger. And then, in a week or so, a month perhaps, it was over, and Paul, a half-ashamed Paul, turned back to her again.

He had said nothing. Had made no "confession," nor asked for her forgiveness. For a time a stubborn pride had kept her aloof from him, then winter passed and spring was there again—and his new book had come out.

On publication day he took her out to dinner and she thought that he might have been her lover instead of her husband. There were flowers at her place at the table and he had ordered her favourite dishes. When the meal was over and the coffee and brandy had been set before them, he took a small box from his pocket and passed it across to her.

The moment was photographed on her memory in all its colour and detail. There was a low murmur of voices in the hotel dining-room. A waiter moved between the tables, a tray balanced on his outstretched palm, and the mingled scent of coffee and flowers and brandy brought a swift vision of the Mediterranean and the little winding road which led up into the mountains.

She remembered, too, her own fingers pressing the catch of the box and how, as she did so, she thought. This is a moment that I must remember because I know—I *know* —that it is worth all the rest—all the pain and humiliation. In this moment I *know* that Paul loves me and I know too that he wants to love no one *but* me. Even now he is telling himself that he will never so much as glance at anyone else again. That's how he wants it—*means* it—to be. And I must remember this moment if it happens again. I must remember that this is the reality—the other isn't. I must remember that he loves me. *Loves* me. . . .

She had remembered, though there were times when the doing of it had seemed impossible.

For after the ugly, attractive girl there were others. They had come and they had gone and now she doubted if Paul so much as remembered their names.

But when the little flame that they had lighted in him had died, he had returned to her with what could only be described as a sigh of relief. And she, the pain growing less as the years passed, continued her life with him as though she were quite unaware of any of it.

Last Christmas when the "affaire" with Claire Bolton the American journalist came to an end, his present to her, a string of beautiful pearls, contained a card on which he had written, "I *have* been faithful to you, Anna, in my fashion."

Holding the pearls in her fingers, realizing that this was his way of telling her that Claire was "over," she wondered whether she wasn't being a moral coward, someone willing to bear any amount of humiliation rather than lose a husband. *Was* that, she asked herself, what she was? Her heart had cried, No! It isn't true. It isn't that at all . . . and yet, this afternoon, knowing that he was "in love" again, recalling the girl's sweet face as she stood beside Gwen Halliday in the post-office, she was afraid.

And life went on. For two more weeks Paul worked hard all the morning and in the afternoons he went for long walks over the hills. And the girl went with him. She knew that, for once she met them as she came back from the village.

Paul, seeing her, had waved, and when she'd come up to them he'd introduced the girl with a, "Hallo, Anna! Been up to the village? This is Mary Hunter, Gwen Halliday's niece, you know. I'm taking her to see the abbey ruins—the child's got a fancy for a bit of medieval architecture. Mary, this is Anna, my wife. We must have her to tea, don't you think so, Anna? What about this afternoon? Will you come and have tea with us, Mary Hunter?"

So simple. So easy. An elderly novelist, being kind to a young and charming girl. Only it wasn't that at all. It was Paul off on the rampage again. Falling in love with an image of his own youth. Getting a kick out of it. Dramatizing himself as he always did, always would do.

She said, "Yes, of course. Come back after you've been to the abbey. Kate made some new scones this morning."

But Mary Hunter said, "No, really I can't. It's kind of you but—no, I can't. I think we're going out."

Not always were "they" so solicitous! But long before she had time to reply, Paul disposed of the whole thing with a wave of his hand.

"Nonsense! Of course you're coming. You told me yourself you weren't doing anything till dinner."

AND so Mary Hunter came to tea. It wasn't very successful for the girl was nervous as a kitten, trying, poor child, to disguise the adoration in her eyes whenever Paul moved or spoke or so much as glanced at her. But later, when he was showing her round the garden, she heard her laugh, and again she thought, I like her. I should have liked her for my daughter.

And she felt really angry with Paul.

Once or twice during the next couple of weeks she ran into her in the village. Once too she saw her on the river with Paul and twice she came to the house, once with the Hallidays and the Hiltons for sherry and once with Gwen to tea.

Then, quite suddenly it was over. By all the signs she knew it. The excitement and the eagerness, the gay whistle and the running upstairs gradually died away and were no more. The shirts and the ties were discarded and out came the old fisherman's jersey and the corduroy trousers.

And then Mary Hunter telephoned.

She herself took the call and she knew who it was although the girl gave no name. She switched the phone through to Paul's study with no warning but a rapid, "A call for you, Paul"—a thing which during his working hours was, by all the laws of the house, forbidden.

He kept the phone engaged for over a quarter of an hour and when he came down to lunch he was, as she had expected him to be, irritable.

"What in the name of fortune made you put Mary Hunter through to the study?" he said to her. "I'm not saying anything against the girl, heaven forbid, she's a sweet child, but I really can't have her chatter ruining the best work I've ever done. Surely you can see that, Anna?"

Yes, she could see it. He'd had the weeks of excitement and gaiety and stimulation, now he was ready to turn all that flow of energy into work, and nothing but work. Nothing else would matter to him, and once again Babette's voice disturbed the dust of the years—"He's a writer isn't he? He *needs* romance. It makes the ideas flow in his mind. . . But you're his *wife*. . . ."

She was his *wife*, but what of the girl? What of Mary Hunter?

TWO days later while Anna was on her knees weeding a bed, Mary Hunter came to the house. Kate brought her out to the garden and she stood there her grey eyes troubled, the colour high in her cheeks.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mrs. Graham. I'm going home."

Anna took off her gardening glove and tucked a stray hairpin into her hair and, as usual, she found words difficult.

"But I thought you were staying another month," she said.

She saw that the girl's dark head was bent, then she raised it and looked at the distant hills.

"I—well, things have altered. I'm going tomorrow. I thought perhaps—Would you tell Paul—Mr. Graham? I expect he's working, isn't he?"

I've got to remember, thought Anna, that she's young. She'll get over it. The pain won't always be in her eyes. In another year, two perhaps, she'll probably be married and nursing her own baby and she'll look back on this as just an episode that passed. In fact she'll probably smile at herself and when she thinks of Paul it will be to think of him as someone old.

She said, "Yes, he is working. He's on a very difficult part of his book."

The girl was still staring at the hills. Her mouth looked like a child's mouth.

"Would you, then," Anna heard her say, "tell him? I—shan't see him again."

"Of course I'll tell him," Anna answered. "But you must have some tea."

"No. No really, thank you. No, I can't stop."

The sentence ended on a quick-drawn breath and Anna, on an impulse, put her hand on the thin shoulder. But the shoulder was jerked away.

"Oh, please! Don't be kind to me. You don't understand. You ought to hate me, Mrs. Graham. I shouldn't have come here."

Oh dear, thought Anna. How embarrassing this is. And aloud she said, "Do you mean because you love Paul?"

She saw the lids come down over the grey eyes and when Mary spoke it was faintly as though she couldn't bear saying the words.

"You know then?"

Was youth so utterly blind, thought Anna and she suddenly felt old, too, because she had forgotten how blind to anything but its own pain youth was.

"Well, yes," she answered, "I do know."

"You make me feel mean," said Mary. "So mean. I didn't know I was going to love him," she went on. "You will believe that, won't you? It wasn't sort of—deliberate."

"It never is," answered Anna slowly. "Hardly ever." And then she said, "My husband is—very attractive."

(*Continued on page 68*)

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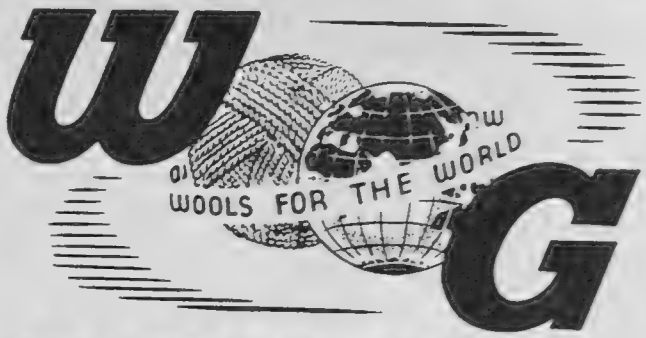

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Faithful In My Fashion

(*Continued from page 66*)

Into the silence that fell between them, the song of a bird thrust its way, a bright ribbon of sound.

"You're telling me, aren't you," said Mary at last, "that I'm not —not the *first*. That's what you're saying, isn't it? Please forgive me, asking that but you see, I've got to know. I've got to."

The leather glove fell from Anna's hand. She stooped and picked it up, but she didn't know what to say.

"I sort of knew it," Mary went on when she didn't answer. "I've been a fool, haven't I?. Such a fool." She turned to Anna. "How you must despise me."

"But I don't despise you," Anna answered, "I was—sorry."

"For me?"

"Yes, of course for you. I was afraid you'd be hurt."

"*You* were afraid *I'd* be hurt! You were—" Mary shook her head. "You must be a saint," she said.

THE colour crept into Anna's cheeks.

"I've never heard such nonsense," she said sharply.

"But really, you must be, or else you couldn't bear it. How *do* you bear it?"

"There isn't anything to bear," said Anna. "Not really." And she wondered why she felt impelled to talk to the girl in this way. "Once," she went on, "when I was very young, about your age, there was. It was difficult, oh very difficult, and then someone said something to me which made a difference. They said, 'You must come down off your perch and accept him as he is.' I think I came to see that that is all we can do. Ever. We can't alter people, can we? Perhaps we haven't even the right to."

"But faithfulness," cried Mary. "What about that? What about faithfulness?"

Anna thought for a moment and then she said, "I think they are 'faithful in their fashion.' Don't you?"

"I don't know," answered Mary. "I wish I did. Oh, how I wish I did."

"Look," said Anna. "There's Kate with the tea. I told her I'd have mine outside. It's still warm enough."

"I think," said Mary, "you're the most wonderful person I've ever known. You take things and sort of shape them. How do you? When I came here I was all aching and hurt and now——"

"Is it better?" asked Anna.

"It's awful, isn't it," said Mary, "to talk to you about your husband? You see, half an hour ago, I thought I was in love with Paul and now suddenly I'm not. Isn't it odd? I can't understand it. It doesn't seem possible that one can change like that, does it? Perhaps it means I'm just fickle. I don't know. I only know I'm glad. That's strange too, isn't it? But I *am* glad because now I can sort of know you. I've always wanted to, ever since I first saw you in the post office with Aunt Gwen."

"That's nice," said Anna, and she picked up the teapot and poured out the tea. "Now you won't have to run away tomorrow, will you?"

Mary took her cup.

"But I shall. It's all arranged. Anthony's coming for me in his car."

"Your brother?"

"No, he's not my brother. I—was—engaged to him."

"Oh," said Anna, and she thought she saw a little light in the darkness. "And then what?"

"He's an artist," Mary said. "They say he'll be famous. Everyone says it so I suppose he will. We were going to be married in August and then——"

"Don't tell me if you don't want to," said Anna.

"But I do want to. I want to tell somebody. I haven't got a mother, only a father and brothers and they're different. We were happy. Oh, I can't tell you. So happy. He said he loved me and then I found out he didn't."

"But he must have. If he was going to marry you he must have."

"There was a dance," Mary went on. "I had a new dress for it. As if that matters! Anthony looked marvellous and I was almost frightened to breathe I was so happy. And then—there was a woman there, an actress. She wasn't even young, thirty or even thirty-five, I should think, but she was attractive, and she wore a gold dress that shimmered in the light.

Anthony danced with her once or twice and then—well, then I saw him in the garden with her. He—he wasn't kissing her, at least, not then he wasn't, he may have before. They were sitting on a seat and he had his arm across her shoulders and he was looking down into her face just as he looked down at me. I—I could have killed her."

She stopped and Anna said, "Yes, I know. You *do* feel like that. You could kill them. What *did* you do?"

"He saw me there and then afterwards we quarrelled. Oh, it was disgusting. So sordid. I said dreadful things and he kept saying it didn't *mean* anything and that I was just being jealous. And he said he *loved* me——"

"Yes," said Anna. "Yes."

"How *could* he love me and behave like that?"

"But he could," said Anna. "He did. I know he did."

"I came down here," Mary went on. "I had to go somewhere. At first it was awful. I thought I'd die. Then Aunt Gwen gave that party and Paul was there. I'd read his books of course——"

"It must have been fun," said Anna and she smiled a little, "to have a well-known novelist at your feet."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Graham! Anna—may I call you, Anna? I suppose it was fun really, if I'm honest. I saw myself as his inspiration! Can you believe that? It's true. And it took away the humiliation—that's what it did. It sort of healed it. But it wasn't fun, because you see, all the time, at the back of my mind somewhere, I kept thinking of you."

"And Anthony," said Anna.

"No, I really did think of you and it made me unhappy. I tried not to think of Anthony. I tried to hate him."

"And then?"

MARY'S face coloured. "Paul got bored with me and my worship. Of course he did. He's famous, isn't he? And I'm young and I'm not intelligent. He was awfully kind, though. He is, isn't he? And then—well, Anthony had kept on writing to me although I never answered his letters and then, suddenly, I wanted to go home. That night Anthony phoned and said he'd fetch me."

"Oh, *good*!" said Anna. "I am glad. Now you'll marry him after all, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Mary. "How can I? I'm afraid to, I think. I'm not like you. I'm jealous. Terribly jealous."

"Everyone's jealous," said Anna. "There isn't a woman living who isn't, whatever they say. But you mustn't be afraid, really you mustn't. Because you see, if you don't marry him—" she stopped for a moment and once more, in memory, she saw Babette standing beneath the olive trees in her queer nineteen-twenty clothes—"If you don't marry him," she said again. "You'll lose something so precious that when you wake up to what you've done it will kill you. And you'll find that you've become old and—and mean."

She thought that across the years Babette smiled at her as though they shared a secret.

"But are you sure?" asked Mary. "Are you really sure?"

"Quite sure," Anna answered, "quite, quite sure. In fact, I've never been surer."

Paul didn't come down from his study till just before dinner.

He looked drawn and tired. And dirty. There was a smudge of ink on his cheek and he didn't look at all famous. In fact he looked old. But he was pleased because there was only one more chapter of his book to do.

After dinner, he lounged back in the easy chair looking at the paper, just, thought Anna, like any other man.

She said, "Mary Hunter came this afternoon."

"What?" he asked indifferently, still reading.

"I said, Mary Hunter came this afternoon."

He lowered the paper then. "What on earth did she want?"

"She came to say good-bye. She's going home tomorrow."

He pulled the paper up again. "Thought she was staying another month."

"No," she answered. And then, "I'm very angry with you, Paul," she said, "you hurt the child."

"I, what? Nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense at all. You egged her on to fall in love with you."

"She didn't want any egging," said Paul, and he went on reading.

Anna drew the needle through the darn in the sock she was mending—in and out, over and under, gathering in the threads.

"I think I shall leave you, Paul," she said quietly. "I am very weary of your constant love affairs."

PAUL was silent, the paper still held before his face. She didn't know if he was reading or not. The heel of his slipper dropped away from his foot and he clicked it back with a movement of his toes. At last he said, "Love affairs! My dear girl, I've only had one love affair in my life and that's with you and it's lasted thirty years."

"What then," said Anna, "are all the rest?"

She heard him chuckle. "My wild oats, I expect."

"You're fifty-two," said Anna.

The paper was lowered again. She glanced up and saw his face. His expression was serious but he spoke lightly.

"So I am. Doesn't that sound frightening? Fifty-two. It's nearly old, isn't it?"

"It's getting on."

"Getting on!" he mocked. "What a ghastly phrase. Getting on!"

Anna continued darning. She tried to imagine a life without Paul. She couldn't do it. All she could think of was a list of silly intimate things from over the years—the way he always slept with one arm round her; the time he had toothache in the night and insisted on putting brown paper dipped in vinegar on his cheek because his nurse had done that once when he was a child; his ruffled hair first thing in the morning; his unshaven beard.

"I've been a pretty good trial to you, Anna, haven't I?" he said. "I haven't been what's called a 'good' husband, have I?"

"How do I know?" she answered, "I've only had one," and the list of things kept growing in her mind—the way he rubbed himself down after a bath; the "penny surprises" he brought in when he went anywhere without her; his habit of walking about in his stockinged feet.

"You may have hurt people," she said after a time. "People like Mary Hunter."

"Ah!" he said. "My inspirations! I don't think they've been hurt, you know. Some of them got quite a kick out of it and most of them got very bored with me after a week or two and they'd have loathed living with me. Besides——"

He stopped and Anna said, "Besides, what?"

He didn't answer for a time and then he said, "You know, Anna, you're a very clever woman. I could almost say a very cunning woman."

"Why," asked Anna, "am I cunning?"

Paul lighted his pipe.

"Because," he said slowly, "for thirty years, as I mentioned just now, you have not only held but kept me in the hollow of your not-so-little hand. You have kept this selfish, evil, rapscallion poseur, the world—some of the world—knows as Paul Graham, novelist, tethered firmly to you in sickness and in health, for better and more often than not, for worse. You have done this, if I may say so without conceit, in the teeth of beauties, cutics; blue-stockings; nylon-stockings; flatterers, chatterers; romantics, pedantics; babies and ladies—and a few others of unspecified attraction and no rhymes. And I will tell you how you have accomplished this (*Continued on page 79*)

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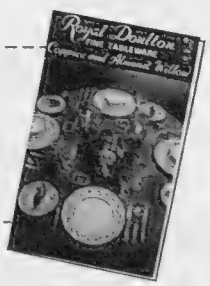

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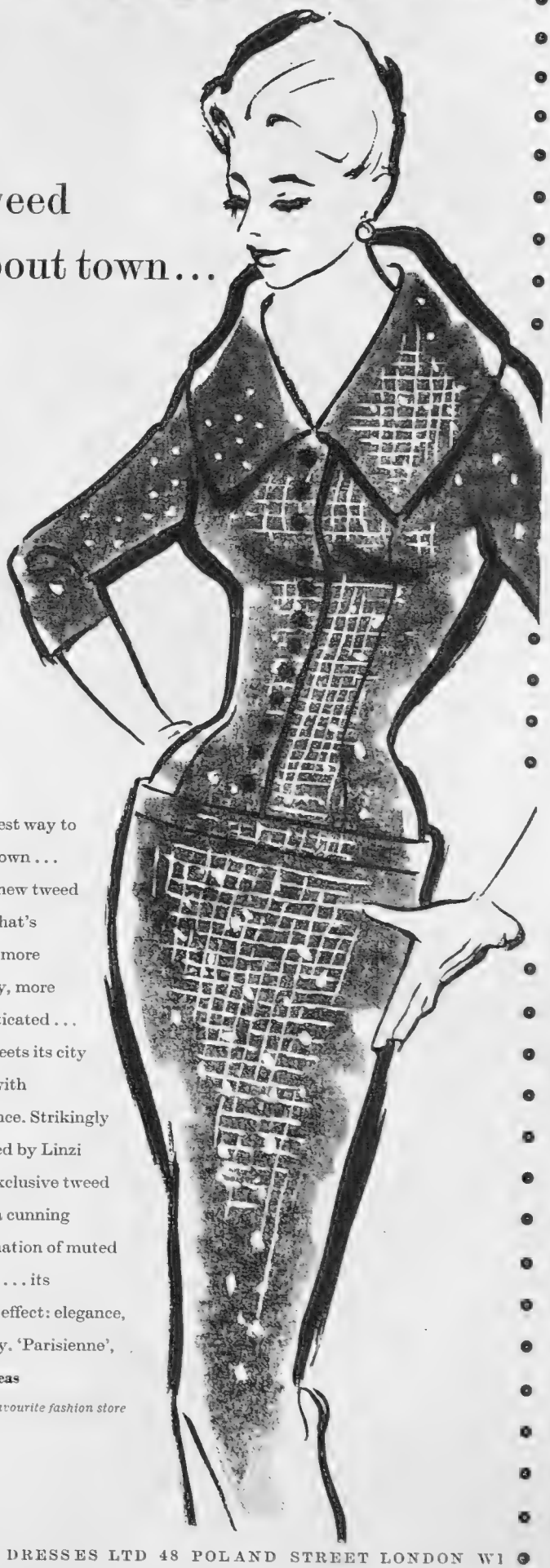

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You Can't Speak To Visitors

(*Continued from page 19*)

"Only polite, after all, it would be."

"Very rude it would be *not* to speak," said Evan. "A bad name it would give the village, if I did not touch my cap and speak if I happened to meet a young lady—or gentleman," he added hastily.

"A good boy you are, Evan," said Mr. Pugh approvingly, his suspicions lulled. "I can see you have the interests of the village at heart."

Evan scarcely heard. He was entirely given up to amazed wonder that out of the depth of the dark winter, this miracle could come. That the girl would be in the Christmas house-party he had not the smallest doubt, and now he had, in the highly respected person of Mr. Pugh, obtained the consent—even approval—of the village to what he meant to do.

On Christmas morning the wind changed suddenly to the south west, and after the weeks of bitter cold, the air was soft and mild.

After his work with Mr. Pugh, he scrubbed his hands, put on his best suit and started, whistling, down the road to the bay. Through the wide windows of the Beach Hotel, he could see the guests moving round the glittering giant Christmas tree, watched with admiration and awe by a few village children. Evan joined them. He did not care what they thought—what anybody thought—as long as the girl saw him. And when she saw him, she would surely come. She must come.

He made his way to the bay and stood leaning on the low, beach wall, and at last he saw her coming, a small dark figure, with her hair coiled neatly round her head. His mood of calm acceptance vanished. When she stopped beside him and answered his shy smile with her own, he thought she must hear the very blood singing through his heart: "She is here. She is here beside me."

"Merry Christmas," he said. "So you came!"

He put out his hand and together they climbed down to the forbidden beach, as in a dream. In one of the rocky inlets out of the wind he spread his mackintosh, and they sat down in the bright, winter stillness.

Afterwards, he could only recall small, isolated fragments of the bright mosaic of time they spent together. He only knew that because she was there beside him, some of the warmth and colour and fragrance of summer returned, and it was as if he had known her always. Yesterday and tomorrow were forgotten. There was only today.

The patient, even throbbing of the big Rolls Royce permeated at last to their consciousness, and the girl stood up.

"There's my father," she said. "I must go."

Evan scrambled to his feet. The car in all its insolent assurance of wealth was standing in the narrow road above the bay. The dream vanished. They were no longer boy and girl; now they were visitor and villager once more.

Mad I was to come, he thought bitterly. Next summer when she comes and I cannot speak to her, it will be worse than ever because of today. The girl held out her hand.

"Goodbye," she said shyly, "until next summer."

He looked down at the small brown hand in his because he could not bear to meet the bright trust of her eyes. She was unaware of any reason why they should not meet again, and he could not tell her.

"Goodbye," he muttered. He could not say "till next summer."

Waiting for pain to overwhelm him, he watched her running across the beach towards the car. Then she turned and waved, and spoke to the man at the wheel. He lifted his hand in a salute, turning his face towards Evan. It was the chauffeur who had called at Mr. Pugh's garage just before Christmas. And she had called him "father."

As the full implication struck the boy standing watching on the beach, he began to run swiftly across the firm, white sand, up the narrow tangled path towards the car. He reached it just as it was beginning, slowly and majestically, to move away.

"Goodbye! Goodbye!" the girl called.

"Goodbye!" Evan shouted breathlessly. "Goodbye till next summer!"

He could say it now. And he did not care if the entire village heard him.

END

Did It Happen To You?

(*Continued from page 13*)

The less well-heeled—and that includes most of us British—have no recommended list supplied to them and couldn't afford to follow its advice in any case. For them, there are instead the various guide books and hotel lists put out by tourist bureaux.

These divide hotels into categories either on the star system; or on the basis of Luxe, "A" category, "B," "C" and "D" and so on. Now if you study these guides and experience their recommendations you will find that they are frequently based on the amenities that the builder of the hotel *intended* to be at the disposal of the guests.

Thus the ratio of bathrooms to bedrooms has an important bearing, as also whether or not the bedrooms have telephones. If there is an attached garage, an elevator or central heating, it will automatically raise the hotel's category, and naturally establishments with basins in the bedroom rate higher than those without. But what the guides singularly fail to do is to take into account whether or not these amenities are real or hypothetical.

Too often, I have turned on the tap marked "chaud" to find it very "froid," or, what is worse, found only a tap marked "froid" which, when turned, yielded only spiders. Again, a bedside telephone looks well, but serves little purpose if nobody answers it.

The listing of "central heating" as one of the hotel's assets creates an impression of an up-to-the-minute luxury and modernity. The fact that functioning central heating would be purgatory on the Mediterranean coast in summer is seemingly irrelevant.

That "elevator" can be deceptive, too. With an understandable mistrust of the advance of science, some hotel keepers maintain a worthy trust in the hydraulic kind which rises slowly and majestically like some balloon from which you have ample time to survey your friends, who have elected to walk up, passing you several times in both directions.

Then the French, in particular, have a healthy fear of descending in a lift. Going up is okay, but coming down, it seems, is extraordinarily risky. They, therefore, arrange that all lifts shall, once they've taken you up, descend at once to ground level again from which they can only be restarted on the upward journey by someone inside. The lift attendant? Are you kidding!

I know at least one hotel in Paris where there is a notice in the lift which states quite categorically the descent is "très dangereux."

Don't forget that hotel keepers often lay more importance on the possession of a modern bathroom than its functioning efficiency. Thus in Madrid, upon asking for a room with bath, I was shown proudly into a magnificent three-room suite on the top floor with a fine view and a palatial bathroom, the taps of which yielded no hot water and little cold. The management were quite astonished when I expressed the desire for a bath that worked. They regretfully pointed out that the boilers were unable to supply the pressure to raise hot water above the third floor, and that if I *really* insisted on a bath with hot water, I would have to accept a smaller and much inferior room lower down.

After considerable personal travel, I have evolved my own method for grading hotels. I apply and fill in the following questionnaire giving the appropriate number of marks for each affirmative answer.

1. Do the bedrooms have:
   (*a*) Basins with running hot and cold water? (3)
   (*b*) Running cold water? (2)
   (*c*) Running cold water at limited times? (1)
   (*d*) Basins but no water? (0)
2. Are the bedrooms supplied with:
   (*a*) Drawers and shelves or hanging cupboards? (3)
   (*b*) Drawers or hanging cupboards? (2)
   (*c*) Only hooks to hang things on? (1)
   (*d*) None of the above? (0)
3. Do the bedrooms have:
   (*a*) Bedside lights of over ten candle power? (3)
   (*b*) Bedside lights of over 5 candle power? (2)
   (*c*) Bedside lights of less than 1 candle power? (1)
   (*d*) No light by which you can conveniently read in bed? (0)
4. Do the lavatories:
   (*a*) Flush and have a constant supply of toilet paper? (3)
   (*b*) Flush but are without toilet paper? (2)
   (*c*) Flush at certain times of day only? (1)
   (*d*) No flush, no toilet paper? (0)
5. Are the beds made and room done:
   (*a*) By the time you get back from breakfast? (3)
   (*b*) By the time you get back after your midday bathe? (2)
   (*c*) By the time you get back from lunch? (1)
   (*d*) By teatime? (0)
6. Is your hotel room equipped with:
   (1) A dressing-table?
   (2) A mirror?
   (3) A towel big enough to go round a modest waist?
   (*a*) All three. (3)
   (*b*) Any two of the above. (2)
   (*c*) Any one of the above. (1)
   (*d*) None of the above. (0)
7. Is the food:
   (*a*) Good? (3)
   (*b*) Adequate? (2)
   (*c*) Tolerable? (1)
   (*d*) Uneatable? (0)

On the above questionnaire a score of sixteen or over can be rated worth the equivalent of inclusive *en pension* rates of from 30s. to £2 per person per day in France; 25s. to 35s. per day in Italy, Austria or Jugoslavia; or £1 to 30s. in Spain with correspondingly less for lower scores. If the score is less than twelve the hotel is to be avoided at any price.

Added zest can also be added by extending the categories to carry minus points. Thus, while lavatories not flushing score zero, lavatories outside the building might be counted as minus one.

An acquaintance of mine, indeed, who was travelling the less-frequented by-ways of Jugoslavia encountered one to which he would have found difficulty in classifying. As he was communing with nature in the garden of the hostelry and glancing idly round, he looked down at the seat and broke into a cold perspiration, for through a crack he saw a magnificent view of sea-girt rocks some three hundred feet below.

By and large, those of us who have comparatively modest demands will be satisfied with "B" category or ** hotels. At any rate, unless you are one who needs the protection of a "recommended list," avoid the luxe class of establishment at all costs. To illustrate my warning let me reproduce a bill I received at a Luxe Costa Brava hotel.

Two brandies	10.00 pesetas (elsewhere 8 pesetas)
25% service	2.50 pesetas
10% visitors' tax plus 20% "luxe" tax ..	3.50 pesetas
Total ..	16.00 pesetas

In other words, twice the normal cost of two brandies in any normal bar. Other charges in proportion.

END

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All A Star Should Be (*Continued from page 30*)

Madame Gompert kept the *patisserie* in the village and had to be cajoled with smiles and fair words into giving a little extra for a cent than she had intended to give.

"It was time," the fat old woman grumbled, "and now you want my whole motel for all these people. What is it now, a circus?"

"You might call it that," André admitted, "actually, Madame, we are going to make a film."

"Here? In St. Martin?"

"Yes. With our new star, Mary Mae Mullins. I wrote the story," André added, a little shyly.

BUT Madame Gompert was not listening; she had become in that instant as half the inhabitants of St. Martin were shortly to become, hopelessly and insanely film-struck. It was not, they hastened to explain to André, or to Clyde, or to anyone else who would listen, that they wished to *act*, but in every film, is it not, there are crowds, people who walk about or sit at tables in cafés, and laugh and generally behave very much like the people of St. Martin did every day? Very well, then, they would be the crowds!

It is true that Madame Gompert went a step further, and sent for a black-haired, sultry-eyed niece from Montreal, whose name was Simone, and that Simone, in her turn, sent for a dangerous-looking charmer named Maurice, who had been working as a waiter in the Château Frontenac in Quebec. These two had always known that their ultimate destiny was The Silver Screen, and here was a large and important unit of the Super-Excello Film Company practically waiting to put them on it.

"We shall be married at once, I think," Maurice said practically, "and then if one of us goes to Hollywood, it will be quite natural for both to go."

"You are afraid perhaps that I shall leave you behind?" Simone said and Maurice observed smoothly that *au contraire*, Mary Mae Mullins had already been so very charming to him, that he felt it would be only prudent for Simone to marry him at once, and make sure of him.

"And André Laporte . . ." Simone began hotly, but Maurice laughed and said that André Laporte was only a writer and not in the same class as the star of the picture.

This same thought had come into André's own head only the day before, during a long wait between scenes. Everyone had begun to wander about the sandy cove on the river bank, where the scenes were being shot, enjoying the sun and the release from work. It was still early summer and the breeze from the river was cool; André saw her maid wrap Mary Mae into a thick camel-hair coat and fetch her a mug of coffee.

"You'd be warmer if you walked about a bit," he said, and Mary Mae looked round at him, blinked as if she wasn't sure who he was, and then said briefly: "I never walk."

"You should try it sometime," he said, angry at the snub, and then he turned back to the borrowed card-table on which he had set up a portable typewriter.

"I bet I've walked more than you have," Mary Mae said above him, "it's only that I don't walk *now*." Her voice was friendly, and when he looked up at her, he saw that she was smiling.

"Come on," she said, "let's go to the end of the beach and see what's round the next bend."

"I know what's round it," he said, falling willingly into step beside her, "I was brought up here."

"I know," she said, "it must have been fun."

She was almost as tall as he was, and her long straight legs easily kept step with him. André knew that she was a natural blonde with blue-grey eyes and silky hair, and he also knew that that hadn't been good enough for Super-Excello, who had caused her to be bleached almost into invisibility, and had then tinted her eyelashes and eyebrows to a deep mahogany brown. The result, on the screen, was spectacular, but in the soft sunlight of early summer, and added to the make-up on her mouth and eyelids, it made her look as if she were wearing a mask.

"What do you really look like, Mary Mae?" André spoke idly, and he was quite unprepared for the bleakness of her voice when she said:

"I don't know, André. I've forgotten."

They had come to the end of the little beach, and stood leaning against the low cliff of sun-warmed rock which divided their cove from the next one. André watched her covertly; beautiful, artificial, expensive and temperamental, the very picture of all a star should be, and yet she could say in that bleak voice that she couldn't remember what she really looked like.

"Wouldn't it be fun," André said, "to get back to the beginning again, and be yourself for a change? Might find out a lot of things you'd forgotten!"

There was a long moment when Mary Mae continued to gaze out over the sunlit river, the dyed eyelashes looking as if they were beaded with tears, a long moment when André thought she was going to turn to him, warm and laughing and say, yes, it would be fun, and then she straightened and said, so coldly that it fairly chilled his ears:

"Shall we go back now? Clyde may want me."

"Of course," André said, and just stopped himself from adding, "Miss Mullins."

They walked back in silence and André told himself that that would be all of that thank you very much; all of trying to talk to a puppet-faced star as if she were an ordinary girl, all of trying to pretend that the writer of the picture was in the same class as its star, when that star was only too ready to grind his yearning face into the dust with her Bermuda beach sandals.

Something about that last thought made his face burn, and he decided that it must be that word "yearning," because of course he wasn't really yearning after Mary Mae at all, in spite of her beauty and something else about her that stirred his heart every time he looked at her. Why good heavens, man, André told himself, she's not half as exciting as that sulky sloe-eyed Simone who really *could* set your blood on fire if you gave her half a chance.

HE packed up his typewriter and took Simone into the village for a soda, and Mary Mae made a hash of her scenes, and finally had to be taken back to the Belle Rive Motel to rest. Maurice, managing to look at once sinister and solicitous, volunteered to drive her in Clyde Tomasky's car, and Clyde was heard to remark sourly that he supposed he could have it disinfected later.

The picture went slowly, and as the summer days lengthened and grew hotter, Mary Mae's long slim legs turned a delicate golden brown and the make-up man had to cover the scattering of freckles on her arms. André wrote and re-wrote lines and scenes as they were needed, and Clyde, burnt black by the sun and getting perceptibly thinner every day, asked loudly and angrily if they had all made up their minds to stay in St. Martin all summer.

"There are worse places, especially when we're working by the river," André said with a grin, watching Simone, in two strips of scarlet silk, lying in the water in an inflated rubber ring. She sat up and waved.

"André!" she called, "when do we go to Hollywood? It is time, no?"

"No," Clyde said, "what's with this 'we?'"

"Oh, nuts," André said, but he shot a covert glance at Mary Mae to see if she was listening. She was sitting under a beach umbrella eating her lunch, and Maurice was sitting beside her, expertly peeling peaches and popping the slices into her mouth, which André thought was the most revolting sight he had seen since the war.

"So," Clyde said, following his glance, "we finish the picture sometime maybe, but it will not be good, because Mary Mae has no heart in it, and then we go home, and you take this strip-tease gipsy with you and Mary Mae takes this gigolo."

"*No*," André said loudly, "no Clyde, don't be a fool, she can't do that!"

"You will see," Clyde said darkly, "and I will take back my ulcers and my sunburn."

The afternoon dragged on, getting more and more sultry and breathless with every hour, and at last, as the thunderclouds began to mass on the other side of the river, Clyde wearily called a halt, gave them the time for the following morning, and climbed into his car without adding the blast of rage that everyone had been expecting.

"Oh dear, we must really be bad!" Mary Mae said.

"*You* could never be bad," Maurice said, devoted and indefatigable, "that is altogether not possible."

"Oh, shut up, Maurice," Mary Mae snapped, catching the amused glances around her, "it's too hot."

"*Mais, chérie . . .*," Maurice bleated reproachfully.

"Shut *up*, Maurice!" she repeated, "and for goodness' sake go and get a shower or something. You look as bedraggled as a wet hen."

"It is the heat," Maurice said with hurt dignity, pushing the damp black hair out of his eyes, "I suffer from it."

"Tough luck," André put in with enjoyment, "drive you back, Mary Mae?"

"Can it be done in silence?"

"In silence it is," he agreed.

As André's car roared up the lane from the beach Simone came splashing angrily out of the water, and turned furiously on Maurice.

"You let her go with him!" she accused, "are you a fool?"

"*Au contraire*," Maurice said spitefully, "it is *he* who has gone with *her*."

MARY Mae leaned back and closed her eyes as the car climbed the short hill to the Belle Rive.

"André," she said at last, "don't talk, just listen. All right?"

"All right," he said humbly.

"I was born in a village like this, too, but it was in Ireland, and it was the sea in front instead of a river, and the hills behind were sometimes green and sometimes purple. Do you know what has been wrong with me ever since we came here?"

"I think so," André said, "you've been homesick."

She nodded her head against the back of the seat, her eyes still closed.

"I want to go back there again, and be me again, before I forget what I'm really like. I don't think I can even finish the picture."

André's hands gripped the wheel so tightly that the knuckles showed white through the newly acquired tan.

"Oh, Mary Mae," he said, "my sweet and lovely darling—is this for real, or does it mean you've fallen for lover-boy back there?"

"Does it mean *what*?" As André stopped the car in front of the Belle Rive, Mary Mae's head snapped forward, and she opened her eyes and glared at him.

"I thought I could talk to you!" she said, her voice low and furious, "I might have known you'd have a head full of cheap and tawdry ideas—like the cheap, tawdry, sentimental film stories you write!"

"Hey!" André was outraged, "Mary Mae! What's the matter? What did I say?"

"*I* haven't been making an exhibition of myself with one of the extras like you have, and why she doesn't get arrested for indecent exposure I'll never know," and then, in cruel and perfect imitation, she added, "André! When do we go to Hollywood? It is time, no?"

On the last word she was out of the car and running towards her cabin, and as André sat watching her, stunned and silenced, the long-awaited storm broke, in a shattering crash of thunder.

It was soon clear that this wasn't going to be an ordinary storm, and the S.-E. Company splashed across to the restaurant for an early dinner and waded (*Continued on page 74*)

back again to their cabins with a pious hope that they wouldn't all be washed out of them again before morning.

Just before dawn, André awoke from a restless sleep to find the window of his cabin blown in, and the floor inches deep in water, with more flowing in under the door in a steady stream. He groped for his bedside lamp, but got nothing but an empty click. Helped by flashes of lightning and the first grey dawn light, he found his shoes and emptied the water out of them, dragged on damp trousers and an equally damp dressing-gown and opened his door.

A miserable procession was proceeding from the cabins towards the restaurant, which was eerily lighted by a few storm-lanterns. Behind them a distressed and voluble Madame Gompert in a Chinese kimono with a gold dragon climbing up the back of it, was explaining to everyone that the cabins had never let in water before, but this, *par exemple*, this was a storm of the most *formidable*, and everyone was to come at once to the restaurant and there would be coffee, because by great good fortune (and of course good sense) Madame Gompert possessed a wood stove.

The damp and draggled cast and crew, sat unhappily at the tables, trying to light cigarettes and asking for aspirin.

"André," Simone whimpered at his side, "I was so frightened!"

He looked at her and then looked quickly away again. Her face looked yellow in the uncertain light and it shone with grease. Her hair was pinned up in countless little anchovy curls and held under a coarse net.

"Nothing to be frightened of," he said gruffly. "Why don't you go and find Maurice? He's probably frightened, too."

"Oh, no," Simone said nastily. "He is, of course, taking care of Mary Mae."

A clear laugh, girlish and happy, startled them both. In the doorway stood Mary Mae in sweater and slacks, her feet bare. Her face was wet with rain, and her fair hair, rain-darkened, was plastered close to her head. She held Maurice, yellow and shaking, by the arm, and she gave him a none too gentle shove in the direction of Simone.

"What on earth is there to be afraid of?"

All A Star Should Be

Mary Mae demanded in a laughing voice that made everyone begin to feel better at once. "This isn't so much of a storm at all! You should see the storms we have in Ireland, when half the Atlantic comes up on land to wash you away! My, there's the grand sight it is to see!"

"But my picture!" moaned Clyde and she ran to him on her slim bare feet.

"How many more days, Clyde?" she coaxed him, "if we all work hard?"

"But will you work hard, Mary Mae?" he reproached her, and Mary Mae looked beyond him at André, watching her with the beginning of a huge smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"Tell him I will, André," Mary Mae said, "and then come and walk in the rain—it washes everything bad away."

"She'll work," André promised Clyde, and followed her out into the rain-washed dawn, where she waited with her clean, damp, little-girl face lifted for his kiss.

END

Cleared For Action (*Continued from page* 51)

only the noses of the bulbs are visible then place another layer in the spaces between the first lot. Top up with a good four inches of soil. This works well for daffodils and tulips, but I would not recommend it for hyacinths. Make sure you have sufficient plant food in the tubs by changing the soil or mixing it with well-decayed garden compost, a few handsful of hop manure and one of bone meal.

Gladioli can be dug up now, and hung in bundles in a shed till the stems part easily from the corms. Gladioli are best stored in a frost-proof place (not in a warm cupboard). I have put them in the box room and even under the spare room bed before now.

We still have some melons in the garden and if you have grown any of your own, it may amuse you to do what we like to do. Cut your melon with a long stalk when it is nearly ripe, but while it is still drawing up sap. Put a small quantity of port or any similar wine into a shallow basin. Then sit the melon on the basin with its stalk well down in the wine. It will draw up the wine, suffusing the flesh with pink. Connoisseurs are very partial to these wine red melons.

Melons have another rather mundane use. If you are bothered with mice as one sometimes is in the autumn, save a few melon seeds and use them to bait your mouse traps. A mouse finds melon and marrow seeds very hard to resist. Mice were very troublesome in our greenhouse last year among the bulbs we were forcing, but the melon seed bait worked very well.

Apple gathering is about to start in our garden and we are glad to have discovered a very good apple picker which will save us a lot of effort in reaching the fruit that grows high on the tree. It is difficult without a picker to gather this fruit without it falling to the ground and getting bruised. The apple picker is adjustable in length as well as for the size of apple. It is light to handle; and at 13s. 6d. seemed to us to be a good investment as it does away with the precarious business of climbing and balancing on a ladder.

If your storing space is short, try the papier mâché apple trays (rather like egg trays) that we use. They are made in two sizes—one for cooking apples and one for dessert—these can be placed one on top of the other and save a lot of precious storage space.

END

TV Personalities (*Continued from page* 36)

She has worried about it for almost twenty years, and there isn't a facet of its complicated structure that she does not know and which she cannot interpret to an inquiring or reluctant press. She knows every paper and its representatives. She knows what each one wants and never plays favourites.

In case any reader wonders how this publicity work actually affects the public, let me point out that it adds enormously to the knowledge and pleasure derived from television. Viewers want to know what is being planned and what has been achieved. They enjoy reading about the private lives of stars and the difficulties besetting certain programmes and the industry as a whole. Press or publicity officers release most of this material.

Another type of publicity is advertising, and it was after years of radio advertising (Luxembourg and Normandy) that Renée Palmer came to London to be the guiding spirit of television advertising magazines. Hers is the directive brain behind Joy Shelton "At Home" and Elizabeth Allan "Going Shopping." A tall handsome woman with an extraordinary easy and sure sense of words, Mrs. Palmer runs her own home in Hampstead, is a gardening expert and even before the war was in charge of a staff of 160. She originally trained as a secretary.

It is amazing what a large percentage of women in high positions started off with secretarial training. Undoubtedly if young women are planning a television career they could, to start with, learn nothing more useful than shorthand and typing. To these qualifications they would have to add endless enthusiasm, infinite energy and clearly defined views and tastes.

These essentials were outlined for me by one of the most brilliant women producers, Tanya Lieven. She is very much a thing apart, delicate, sensitive with large brown eyes that look somewhat startled in this bustling world. She is an artist who originally expressed herself as an actress and then found in television a medium that appealed to her even more. Her work is not necessarily highbrow but it is certainly not philistine. At any rate there is about Miss Lieven an aura of culture that makes the modern idiom seem slightly out of place. Nevertheless she has produced some slick comedies.

I could go on about the personalities you never see on your screen, there are many of them and a large number are to be found among the young people, for whom television offers a new and promising vista. Catherine Dove (whose first production was the Mervyn Levy "Why Not Paint?" programme) Bridget Brook and Pat Bennet, whose pictures are here, have already shown the qualities that make the unseen TV personality.

END

Sugar And Spice (*Continued from page* 58)

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

3 lb. green tomatoes; ¼ lb. salt; 6 oz. chopped onion; 6 oz. chopped apple; 6 oz. brown sugar; 3 gills brown malt vinegar; 2 green peppers (optional) ¼ lb. raisins; 1 oz. mustard seed; ½ teaspoon pepper; ½ teaspoon mixed spice.

Chop the tomatoes small and put in layers with the salt in a basin. Cover and leave overnight. Then drain off the liquid and put the tomatoes into a large saucepan. Chop the green peppers, after removing the seeds from the insides, and add to the tomatoes. Add also the raisins, seeded and chopped, and then the rest of the ingredients. Cook very slowly for two hours, stirring occasionally when the whole will be blended to a soft pulp. Cool before potting, and cover when quite cold.

THE SUBADARS CHUTNEY

3 lb. apples (after peeling and quartering); 2 large onions, well chopped; 1 quart vinegar; 1 saltspoon red pepper; 1 dessertspoon dry mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 lb. Barbados sugar; 1 lb. raisins, stoned and chopped; 6 oz. fine cut crystallized ginger.

Boil the apples and onions in the vinegar until they are well pulped. Add the sugar, stir till dissolved. Add the rest of the ingredients and mix well. Boil for half an hour, stirring at intervals. Pot and cover while hot.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

Small button mushrooms are required. Clean by rubbing them with a damp cloth dipped in salt. Put them in a pan at the side of the fire and cook slowly in the liquid which the salt draws out of them. Leave cooking until this liquid has been reabsorbed by the mushrooms, being careful to see that they do not burn. Season with pepper and a little powdered mace, and cover with vinegar. Simmer for a few minutes, and take off the heat five minutes after it comes to the boil. Cool slightly before potting. Cover when cold.

And finally here is an excellent recipe for pickled eggs.

16 hard-boiled eggs; 1 quart vinegar; ½ oz. whole ginger; ½ oz. allspice; ½ oz. peppercorns.

Shell and put eggs into jars. Boil the peppercorns, spice and ginger in the vinegar for ten minutes, then pour while boiling over the eggs. Allow to get quite cold before covering and store in a cool place. They need a few weeks to mature.

One last word. Although these pickles will smell delicious in the preparation, be firm and keep them for at least five weeks before using. They will keep for a year, of course, if you can resist temptation that long!

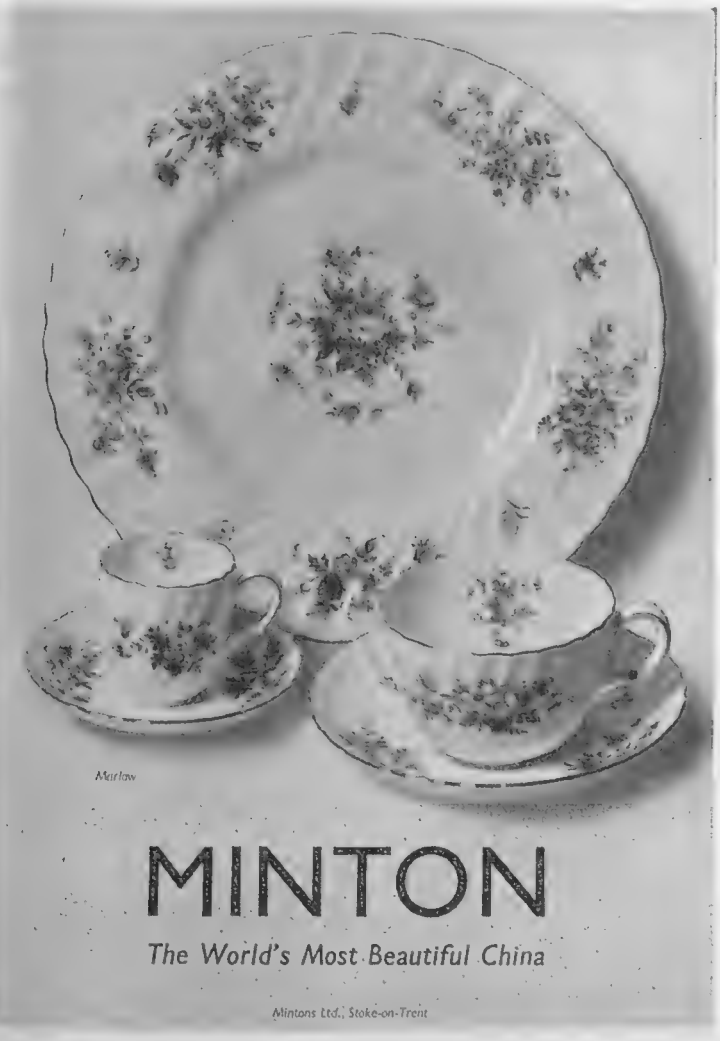
Meet Mr Brandyman

He's worth cultivating. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

Make friends with

MARTELL

BRANDY



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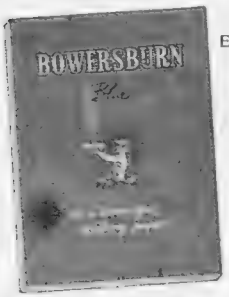

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Hands are out of harm's way, when inside these plastic-coated, long-life, fabric gloves. They're proofed against washing and chemical agents. Water, oil and grease-proof.

These are the gloves you have heard about

Women's: knit-wrist 6/6, gauntlet 6/11. *Men's:* knit-wrist 6/11, gauntlet 7/6. From all Ironmongers and Stores. Or direct, add 4d. per pair postage.
Tedson Thornley & Co. Ltd., Rochdale

Andy PLASTIC GLOVES

Consider Yourself A Bachelor

(*Continued from page* 40)

thought was defensive; she wouldn't go home tonight, she'd be busy, too! She turned into a phone box and began phoning friends, but after a buzz had gone unanswered in three places she gave up and continued towards home.

It was only her ego that was upset, she reasoned with herself. She was glad, really, that he had understood her letter and fallen in with her plan at once. Naturally, part of the time, they would both be busy with other things.

She walked home slowly, feeling cheated, but not knowing what of.

Marc telephoned the next morning and asked her to have dinner with him. She had a hard time keeping her mind on business until five o'clock and when he called at the flat to pick her up she was as excited as a schoolgirl on her first date. They went to a new restaurant in Soho and for the first hour he talked about his trip. She was glad to listen, because this was a strange Marc that she hadn't met in almost five years. Even his features seemed different, or perhaps they were unfamiliar because she hadn't really looked at them in such a long time. She even felt a little shy with him, he seemed so self-assured.

Finally, over the brandy, he said, "Do you think we ought to have a long talk about this, or shall we just omit discussion? Talking doesn't usually lead anywhere in a case like this."

"There's nothing to talk about unless you want to ask questions," she said, nonplussed. "Though you talk about a 'case like this' as if it happened every day!"

"No, it doesn't happen every day," he smiled. "But perhaps it should."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, all wives must feel the way you do, after a time . . . and husbands, too, I guess. If they don't make the break that you did, in order to find out how important the relationship is, then they feel imprisoned, they get bitter, bored, restless. I think you were very wise, my sweet." He smiled and ran a finger teasingly over her cheek.

She blushed, and felt very young and inept. How had he managed to get command of the situation! Perhaps because he had been wanting this to happen, too! Well, then, it was just as well that she'd acted as she had. She felt a little angry, but cooler. The rest of the evening was fun; they were very impersonal; and when he left her at her door he promised to call soon, just as anybody would do. Only, unlike most other men, he didn't try to kiss her good night. He just grinned, shook hands, and strode away.

FOR the past two or three months, Karen's schedule had been very busy. She loved her job and often worked late. She saw people almost every evening—sometimes nice young men who took her dancing or to the theatre, sometimes girl friends whom there hadn't been much time for in the old housewife days. Occasionally she entertained at home. Now, life went on just as it had before. The ninth of May hadn't been an important turning point after all. The only difference was that now there was one more young man who called her at the office to see when she would be free for dinner. She saw Marc three times the first week, twice the second, once the third—that was a nervous week when the office became arduous and friends irksome—and twice the fourth week. . . .

She found herself checking the dresses she had worn when she'd gone out with him, so she wouldn't repeat; she listened eagerly for a compliment, a hint that he liked this hairdo rather than that. She drew on all her knowledge of his taste in food, people, books, music and told herself that she was doing no more than she would for any young man she was mildly interested in. But she knew she was kidding herself. This was the only one she was really interested in; and yet his interest in her seemed pretty casual. It didn't wane, but it didn't deepen, either.

Abruptly, in the second month, she began refusing dates with people who had begun to irritate her, and stayed home fussing with the flat. She made new curtains for the bedroom and then, liking them, made a bedspread to match. It was a pretty room, but empty and meaningless now, like the rest of the flat—the kitchen where she breakfasted alone, the living room where she sat alone reading or listening to the radio. Funny things happened at work, but it wasn't so much fun when you couldn't rush home and share them with someone.

MARC'S smooth good humour never wavered. He seemed to enjoy the time he spent with her, and he seemed equally contented about the life he led apart from her. He was sharing a flat with a friend now, and twice she had run into him in restaurants with other people. And they were very pretty girls indeed, she grudgingly admitted! A man could always get along. Even in the little ways a wife likes to think herself indispensable—taking care of his clothes and his diet, and reminding him of appointments—here, too, he seemed quite able to take care of himself. She came tragically to the conclusion that there was nothing at all that a man needed a wife for!

Her holiday time approached. It was only a week this year, and she'd been making vague allusions to it, hoping that Marc might go away with her. Although, under the circumstances, it seemed rather immoral.

"I've been thinking about Cornwall," she might say, and he would launch into an enthusiastic account of a weekend he had spent there before they were engaged. Or she might mention Italy, and his only comment would be that it was pretty hot there in mid-summer. Grimly, she decided that she would go away alone, it didn't matter where, and face the full consequences of her folly.

The day before her holiday started she went down to the station and bought a ticket for the first place whose name struck her eye—which turned out to be Abbotsbury. She pocketed the ticket and walked home feeling less like a holiday than she ever had in her life.

She was having dinner with Marc and she forced herself to seem happy about it by the time he arrived and found her surrounded by suitcases and other evidences of joyful preparation. They dined quietly nearby and she kept up the act, inventing amusing people in Abbotsbury and all the while she had a heavy feeling that it was a sort of final farewell dinner. When she came back, they couldn't keep up this silly "dating," the silly chatter and pretending. At least she couldn't.

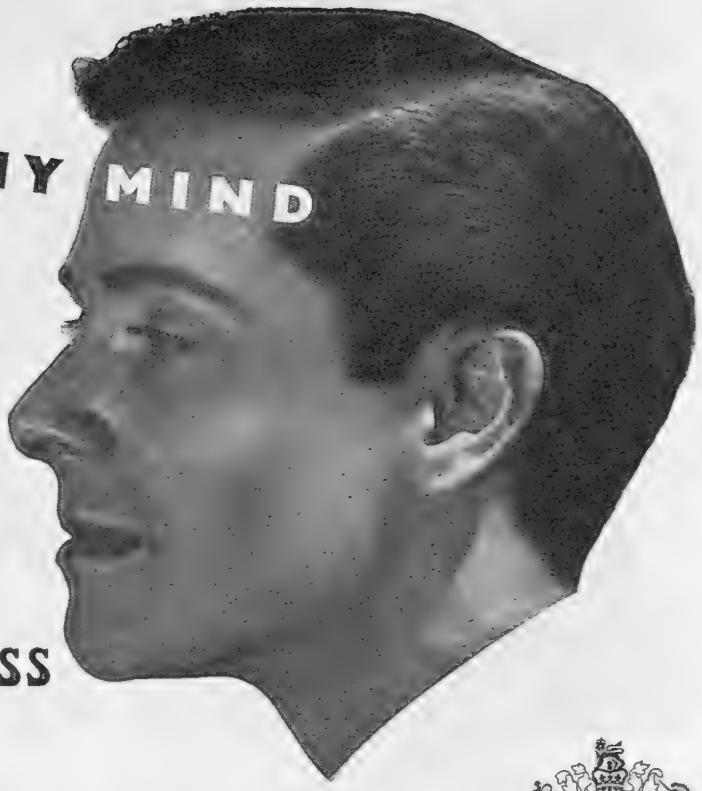
He brought her home early and stayed ten minutes for a nightcap. She waited, with a last forlorn hope, for him to say that this separation had been a ridiculous mistake, but he didn't say anything except *bon voyage* and good night, and she lay awake for long hours, too sick and empty inside even to cry.

She didn't sleep the following night, either, on the train, and when she transferred to the bus for the ride to Abbotsbury her head was aching unbearably. She would just sleep for a week, she thought, and then go back and try to find that exciting individual she had thought she was four months ago.

The bus stopped in the village street and she waited in the hot afternoon sun while her bags were handed down to her. The other passengers all seemed to have someone there to meet them; she looked helplessly for a taxi that would take her to her hotel. The sleeplessness, the headache, the sun, and the absence of any sort of public vehicle overwhelmed her and she was about to sit down on her suitcase and cry when suddenly an arm went around her and Marc's voice said, "The car's over here, darling. Let me take your bags. We'll be home in twenty minutes."

She was so stunned that she couldn't speak. She let him guide her to a car and help her in and they were on their way back down the road the bus had (*Continued on page* 79)

IT CROSSED MY MIND



that here am I with a standard of living quite a bit above the average; yet in one respect I am going on in a groove, when for the sake of the odd pennies I could be enjoying the best cigarettes in the world—

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October Reading (*Continued from page 37*

respectability and our own epoch, with special reference to modern American influence. The Eighteenth Century Devonshire House circle, with their humour, elegance, affectionate sentimentality, sincere though hopelessly vague liberalism, "represent perhaps the most attractive type of civility that our island has yet produced." I'm not sure that I would pass muster with such a connoisseur—and maybe you would have to wait in the hall—but after a heavy start I found myself agreeably entertained and enlightened by his erudite commentary.

I doubt if manners, as Sir Harold understands them, count for so much in the excellent novels we now get from Australia. Drive and punch matter more, and as for civility, "bastard" seems to be a favourite term of endearment as well as of abuse.

D'Arcy Niland's **"The Shiralee"** (Angus & Robertson, 10s. 6d.) is not only his tramp swagman's pack but the four-year-old daughter, Buster, whom he has taken from a worthless mother to tag along on his wanderings. The tough saga of the road, with its wayside wenchings and drunken fights, is touched by pathos when Buster falls ill and he refuses to return her to a mother who tries to get her back. So rawly Australian is this brashly told story that the publishers' Sydney end, I'm told, did not expect it to sell here, but it was made Book Society Choice and is booming.

Mary Durack's **"Keep Him My Country"** (Constable, 13s. 6d.) is a vigorous tale of stockmen and blacks on a cattle station in the Northern Territory. Grandfather Rolt, who had first ridden into it in '85, "had acquired sun cancers, barcoo rot, sandy blight and malaria and brought them all along with him.... But he had travelled under a lucky star. Blacks' spears missed him by inches, horses threw him but he broke no bones, flooded rivers swept him on his way." He went to the Kimberley diggings to win wealth and a title, leaving his son to carry on with a partner; and now grandson Stan shoulders the hard life and its complications resulting from the mixing of "abo" and white. The author, herself from a pioneering family, portrays vividly a life she knows well.

Although George Johnston was Australian-born, he has travelled the world as a journalist and recently settled with wife and two children at Kalymuos, an island off the Greek coast where "wine is a penny a glass, there is no income tax and the sun shines every day." Both sun and wine suffuse **"The Cyprian Woman"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), the story of a young producer who goes to the lovely fishing port of Nauplia to film the life of Agamemnon for a Smyrna-born millionaire and gets tangled up with the married siren who wrote the book; also a beautiful Greek girl and her spivish brother. The ensuing adventures may not always convince, but they are related with wit, the Greek background is enchanting, and I suggest we all read this amusing novel so that Mr. Johnston may go on living at heavenly Kalymuos, imbibing its *ouzo* (which is presumably stronger than ozone).

The appeal of Dutch interiors is in their loving detail, and I find plenty in Brigid Knight's **"Old Amsterdam"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), which is about the Seventeenth Century Van Breda family: Pieter, hump-backed, bitter, vindictive, director of the Dutch East India Company and Regent of Amsterdam, and his sailor-nephew Lourens who rivals him in his love for a half-English second-cousin, Margaret Barradale. Implicated with this love story are political intrigues linked with the uneasy armistice with Spain. They make an impressive, engrossing sequel to *I Struggle And I Rise*.

CinemaScope started off with so many Westerns about whites fighting Injuns in the past century that I decided I had had enough. But I enjoyed Alan le May's **"The Searchers"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Sited Texas way, it tells of the wiping out of a family by Comanches and the long pursuit and search for the little daughter Debbie whom the braves have carried off, with a narrative power greatly superior to most and good characterisation.

Few film actresses write; when they appear to do so it is usually the ghost tapping the typewriter. But Ruth Chatterton has built up a sound reputation as a novelist. **"The Pride Of The Peacock"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.), shows family pride at grips with tangent love which breaks a marriage and alienates the young daughter. It is the proud grandmother who tries to salvage the mix-up when Zan, the wife, falls for an Italian pianist, Jock, the husband, finds consolation elsewhere, and daughter Jenny nearly bungles her first romance, then elopes. Emotion is sharply, directly rendered with no waste of words; the main characters tell their own story in turn.

Another U.S. novel—Garet Rogers' **"Prisoner In Paradise"** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.)—reveals astonishing skill for a first effort. It is a study of a successful doctor of "Healthopathy" and all the quackery which can so easily tie up with a drugless nature-healing cult of the kind. Spartan McClintock, H.D., goes into the racket because, as a medical student posing as a doctor, he allegedly mistreated a tetanus case and was sent to prison for second-degree murder. The author, whose parents were doctors, and who studied medicine herself before turning to law, exposes the pitiable drama of Spartan's career with inside knowledge and acute sympathy.

Other Fiction: **"Blue Hurricane,"** by F. Van Wyck Mason is the second book in Mr. Mason's projected tetralogy of the Civil War (Jarrolds, 15s.); **"The Dragon's Mouth,"** by Laselle Gilman, an exciting novel set in the headquarters of a Chinese Communist commander at Shanghai (Collins, 12s. 6d.); **"Show Them The Way To Go Home,"** by Margaret Pratt (Cassell, 12s. 6d.); **"The Silver Oar,"** by Howard Breslin, a grand historical adventure novel (Collins, 12s. 6d.); **"Come Fill The Cup,"** by Rosalind Wade gives an insight into the tormented world of the alcoholic (MacDonald & Co., 12s. 6d.); **"Shadows Of Splendour,"** by Noel de Vic Beamish, love, brutality and romance in the Fourteenth Century (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.).

END

Consider Yourself A Bachelor

taken before she could summon voice to ask :

"Where are we going?"

"I've taken a house at Bridport. A friend of mine has it for the summer and luckily he isn't using it this week. I drove down last night after I left you."

"Oh. Is . . . are you staying all week, too?"

"If you'll let me." He grinned and pulled her closer to him. "If you wouldn't mind having me around, again."

"Mind! Oh, Marc!" Suddenly it was too much for her. She put her hands over her face and started to cry, in big, childish sobs. He pulled over to the side of the road and held her until she quieted. Then he took her hands away from her face, carefully mopped her off with his handkerchief, and said, solemnly :

"You're a little fool, aren't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Ruefully.

"And you love me, don't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Emotionally.

"And you can be as much of an individual with me as without me, can't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Earnestly.

"And from now on you'll love, honour and obey me and get me out of all the messes I get into when I'm alone, won't you?"

"Oh, darling, do you really get into messes?" she asked happily.

"Terrible ones."

"You do need me?"

"Desperately."

"And I need you," she said contentedly settling herself inside the curve of his arm. "I'm no good without you. . . ."

". . . and you're not ashamed to admit it," he finished for her, kissing her ear.

"No, Marc!" Blissfully.

END

Faithful In My Fashion

(*Continued from page* 68)

remarkable feat. You have accomplished it by being the most understanding, unselfish and lovable person in the world. Just that. Do you know, Anna, that you have never once nagged me?"

"Yes, but," Anna said, and she remembered the unanswered question that had been in her mind some days ago, "perhaps all that is just because I'm a weakling. Perhaps I *ought* to have nagged you."

Paul got his pipe going and threw the match into the grate. Then he said, "If it is weakness to allow another person the freedom of his personality without righteous judgment or trying to twist him into something he could never be, then you have been weak. But you know as well as I do that that kind of thing isn't weakness. It is strength. In fact, in my humble opinion, it is of such strength as would make the angels rejoice." He waved a cloud of smoke away from his face. "Do you think I don't realize the cost to you, Anna? I'm not a fool. I realize all right."

Oh dear! thought Anna. Oh dear! Does he really mean all this or is it "author's talk"? A kind of story he's making up in his own mind? But for all that the mending in her hand became blurred as though she were holding two socks.

"But there is," Paul went on, "a sort of consolation prize for all your belovedness. If you will accept it," he added.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I'm saying," said Paul, "that I love you more now than I did thirty years ago. Far, far more. In fact I will reiterate what I once said to you—I did, didn't I?—in my callow youth. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever known."

"Oh, no," said Anna. "Oh, no, Paul. Don't be silly. Not beautiful."

"Oh, yes," Paul answered. "Oh, yes. Beautiful. And what's more," he went on, "you're the only person to whom I shall grant the great privilege of 'growing old along o' me'."

He picked up the paper.

"And now, my good woman, be quiet, do. Your lord wishes to read."

END

. . . *Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.*

Surely it can't make all that difference?

Can't it! You don't know how I dread it every time. Same dreary old routine and the awful feeling that everybody can tell . . .

But that doesn't make sense—not nowadays. Do you mean to say you've never heard of Tampax?

Oh yes, I've heard of it, but somehow I never got round to trying it. It's—well—rather different, isn't it?

Yes, and thank goodness for that! It was invented by a doctor, you know—that's why it's so safe and efficient. But don't run away with the idea that Tampax is difficult to use. Honestly I was amazed how easy it was.

And is it comfortable?

It's wonderful—you really don't know you're wearing it. That's the best thing about Tampax. You don't have to start working out dates and all the rest of it—you just know you'll be all right.

Even for dances, you mean?

Of course! *And* tennis, *and* cycling! Just you try Tampax and see what a difference it makes.

Tampax is the safest, most modern and hygienic form of sanitary protection . . . because it's *worn internally*. You're gloriously free from clumsy pins or belts, and free from chafing too. You can buy an average month's supply of Tampax at chemists and drapers. There are two absorbencies—Regular (2/-) and Super (2/4). Tampax is also available in the new handy "Threes" at 8d. for Regular and 9d. for Super. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. E84., Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

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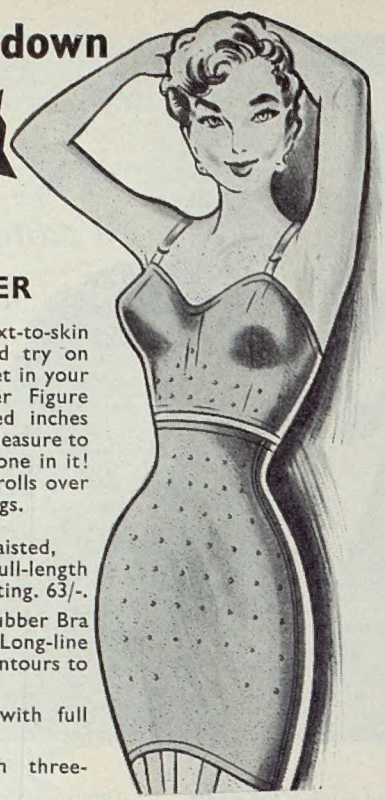

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The World Of Parties Plus

(*Continued from page* 21)

Throw a party on this scale, however, and you stand a very good chance of losing yourself, of becoming, in spite of the gown and the poise, a diminutive figure on a giant doorstep. It takes an artist, and years of experience to maintain stature. The late Jacques Fath was a master of such occasions. With almost as many parties to his credit as he had Collections, he always managed to be at the centre of things. On one occasion he was carried into the ballroom on a golden plate by six Nubian slaves; on another, he arrived as a Mediaeval French King, with a diadem on his head and two greyhounds at his heel. The parties, which were held at his château outside Paris, varied in theme from "The Far West," with a Barn Dance and hay-cart taxis, to an "All White Party," and "The Nineteen Twenties."

Given money, and a free run of the social register, it is the idea behind a party that makes the headlines. The Elizabeth "Dedec" Ward affair at Hutchinson House, for example: two hundred art students, under the directorship of Felix Harbord, created spacious and elaborate gardens on a pocket handkerchief. From a skeleton of steel and wire netting, arbours, and alcoves housing statues were made by weaving moss and greenery together; skilful "walks" were devised, with archways and unexpected vistas.

Although many of the parties have about them a nostalgic touch of the past, they all belong, unmistakably, to this day and age. If the costume is eighteenth century, the "line" is modified to suit current taste; if the band turns up in powdered wigs, the Charleston and the Samba are sure to creep into the musical score sooner or later; if the Duke of Devonshire's river party ("Come in Boating Costume") was reminiscent of James and his Court, the two motor launches—with a princess in each—were undoubtedly Twentieth Century.

Parties on a thousand pound shoe-string can be just as successful as their more opulent neighbours—providing you have the necessary flair. At one time you could "get by" with a cactus, a monkey and a parrot; a gipsy wandering about the place was also useful. Like the Italian Serenader, the ice-cream cart, and the Spanish Senorita, they are no longer enough.

Nothing seems to escape the cult for bigger and better parties. Even the restrained Embassy Reception has taken on a new lease of life. It is larger, and gayer, with a high standard of dress sense; the Arts are colourfully represented, and stars from film and theatre land brighten the occasion.

At the other end of the scale, barbecues are in fashion—from toasting sausages over a giant brazier on the Sussex Downs at four o'clock in the morning, to roasting a thousand pound ox in the Essex village of Finchingfield.

Nothing is left to chance in the land of Garden Parties Plus. If the weather is kind, as it was to the Earl of Hardwicke last year, the guests can spend an evening among Pompeian ruins; if the weather is bad, they retire to fabulous marquees.

To some people, ideas for a party, and their execution, represent inspired and by no means negligible business. Kenneth Villiers of Charles Howard, who re-designed the Stoll for Miss Smith, is now working on "The Amazon," a gorgeous and super-tropical pipe dream. Later, he hopes to produce an "Interplanetary Ball."

Props and *décor* can ensure the spectacular, but they are no guarantee of success. Given all the initial advantages, guests remain the most important item of any party. Relegate these to second place, and you may well find yourself with the biggest *flop* of the season.

In this country, Royalty is still the biggest extravagance that money cannot buy, with the celebrated and the notorious for a good second best. Elsa Maxwell, who has promised to put Greece on the map with a party to end all parties, has a good rule for the rest of us: never invite bores; and if you *must*, then seat them all at one table—in a corner.

END

Motor Show Preview

(*Continued from page* 49)

Britain has lagged behind the States in this amenity. The power is supplied by a small electric motor in the door. The two front windows will have four sets of buttons in the instrument panel and two on each door will control the back windows.

Jaguar has a new 2½ litre high performance saloon ready for launching. This could well prove a winner in the States where our sports cars are still rated highly.

Alvis, too, have a surprise in store—a revolutionary new vehicle is rumoured. The gimmick here will be the excellent petrol consumption. My bush telephone also tells me to expect something new in the Standards, Austins, Vauxhalls and M.G.s.

By far the most sensational news from foreign manufacturers comes from Germany. With the 1,000,000th car on the road, the ubiquitous Volkswagen is likely to be on show with a new and elegant body design. Buyers of the standard model in current production can take comfort in the fact that the manufacturers have stated that there will be no major alteration in the design for the next ten years.

There is conjecture, too, about the rumoured French production of a new Citroen. It is to their credit that apart from a few minor alterations to the body-work the present design remains basically the same as when it was first launched in 1934.

END

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